Saturday Night

DEC. 8TH 1956 TEN CENTS

Wanted: A Political Party For Canada

BY J. H. STEWART REID

The United Nations And World Crisis

BY HARRY RASKY

Quebec Universities: Politics vs. Needs

BY HUGH MACLENNAN

Do Canadians Speak Canadian?

BY M. H. SCARGILL

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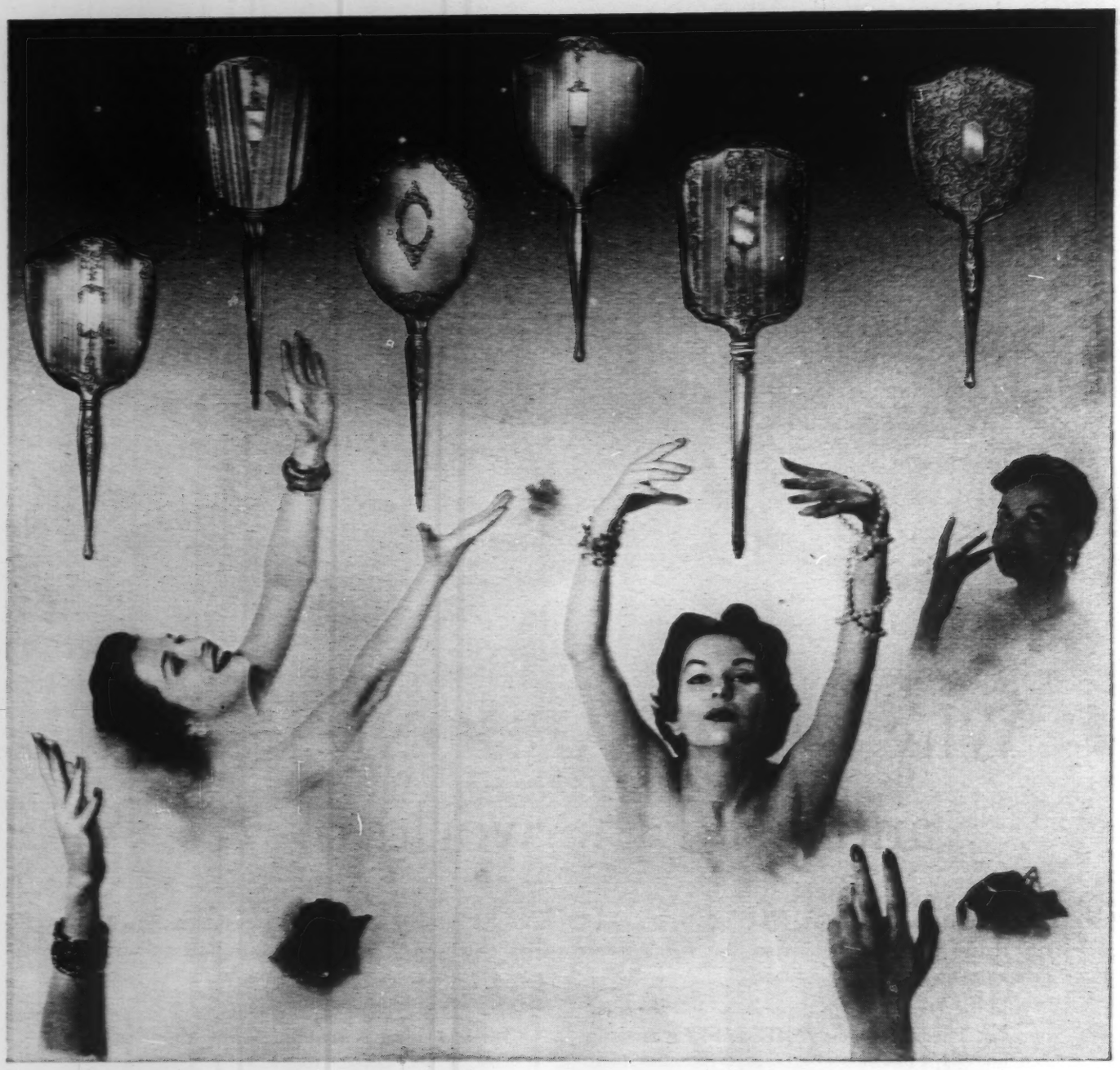

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STORES FROM COAST TO COAST

THE FRONT PAGE

- Canadians Involved With Mankind?
- Search for an Evangelist
- Parochialism and the Police Force
- No Nationalism in the Army

To Live With Shame

"No MAN is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friends or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind. And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

John Donne's words are familiar, but they bear repeating, even in an age when words are so cheap they are losing all value as currency. For the bells have been tolling for weeks now. We may hear them only dimly or not at all through the wax of selfishness and fear that stuffs our ears, but they are there, as they have been since the first Russian bullets tore into an unarmed crowd in a city called Budapest.

Our freedom is diminished because Hungary was destroyed. Cold reason may tell us that it is better for a small nation to be murdered than for a world to be engulfed by war. But we cannot go on avoiding war simply by dodging our responsibilities to humanity. In the words of the Vatican, the price of peace can be too high.

We tried the way of shame and dishonor two decades ago. It led us to war. Now, with our bellies bulging and minds stuffed with the lotus fruit of "peace and prosperity", we are waddling down the same path.

For Canadians, the shame is deepened. The shocked and shattered remnants of the citizen-army that fought for humanity in Hungary struggled westward; even if the West could not save them from dying in Hungary, it could help them to live in more fortunate lands. Some nations welcomed them, forgetting the cold rules and stiff forms of custom. But not Canada, not our brilliant Immigration Minister, Mr. Pickersgill, and his "Liberal" colleagues. Our precious regulations had to be preserved. With our big country crying for people, we had to be choosy about refugees.

As November died, there were some timid attempts to make up for our earlier coldness; Ontario, for instance, showed a belated interest in the refugees. But our efforts were little and late.

We are rich. We live under the wing of a great power. And, it seems, we are not involved in mankind.

"The Search for Real Socialism" (Carrefour, Paris).

To Catch a Child

FOR MORE than a generation psychologists and educators have been trying to evaluate human personality by means of masses of statistics, and they have evolved a system that works brilliantly in the mass, roughly separating the dull from the bright, the stable from the unstable. But the human spirit is essentially fluid, and the exceptional child still contrives to slip through the meshes of the system, however tightly and finely contrived. At present, a child may run up an impressive score in one test and slump lamentably in another. As a further complication, the bright child may deliberately fail the test, through boredom, perversity or simply from a desire to escape the stigma of brightness. Most psychologists claim that the tests, over the whole range, are infallible, and the fault, if any, lies in their application. What is needed, apparently, is some ultimate test for the testers—something to produce a staff equipped to outsmart the smartest child. It takes a highly gifted specialist to catch a highly gifted child.

The Home Stretch

THERE is still no overwhelming favorite among the announced candidates for the leadership of the national Conservative party. John Diefenbaker appeared to be well ahead in the early running, but Donald Fleming was moving strongly in the stretch and Davie Fulton showed a good turn of speed late in November. The man who could have made the best run of all, Dr. Sidney Smith, did not go to the post. As a result, there will be many of the delegates, along with impartial observers, who will feel that the race did not produce the party's strongest runner.

Dr. Smith has made it fairly clear that he does not seek the Tory leadership and that he wants to continue his highly important work as a university administrator at a time when higher education in Canada is moving into years of crisis. If a strong draft movement developed at next week's convention, he might possibly change his mind. At the moment, there is no indication of such a movement. And the Conservative party will miss a glitter-

ing chance to reshape itself as a dominant force in Canadian politics.

The party will not crumble overnight because of this missed opportunity. It would be absurd to think so. After all, a party that can survive the ineptitude and confusion of two decades must be a tough old bird indeed. But it is not enough merely to survive, particularly in a political climate that offers every chance of growth. There are many signs that the Canadian voter is stirring from his long years of drowsy contentment, but it will take a clear voice with a new message to bring him fully awake. Will the man selected by the Tory delegates have such a voice? If he has, it will be a marvellous thing, considering how muffled the voices have been in the past.

Yet the Conservatives must find a man who can not only take on the practical responsibilities of leadership but define in plain terms the meaning and aims of Conservatism—and do it with fervor and imagination. As another writer points out in an article in this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, a deadly greyness envelops Canadian politics; no one can tell where one party begins and another ends. The time is ripe for a leader who can say to the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, "This is what we believe in; this is our doctrine, and these our principles"—not the tired clichés of politics, but the strong, clear message of reasoned belief. Without such a man, the Conservative party will drag wearily on, until it is swallowed by some more vigorous champion of conservative thought.

Where, Indeed?

THE reticence of the English is a fine thing in a world given to shouting and overstatement. But it can be pretty aggravating at times, especially to North Americans with over-developed bumps of childish curiosity. A couple of weeks ago, we came across this item clipped from a London newspaper by a tourist: "A Mr. Smathers of Liverpool is at the Seething Street Hospital recovering from injuries received when he was stepped on by a camel." That was the complete story. After a few days of nail-chewing, we could stand it no longer and sought more information from London. Where was Mr. Smathers when he ran afoul of the camel? There came a brusque reply: "Zoo. Where else?"

Misdirected Anger

A STRANGER looking at the headlines and editorial comment of some Canadian newspapers a couple of weeks ago might well have thought that the changes in the Canadian contribution to the UN police force were causing a major crisis in this country. Nothing of the sort was happening, of course; it was simply a rather embarrassing display of parochialism. The news was greatly over-played by a few headline-hungry papers in larger cities (particularly in Toronto) and the comment that went with the news was largely a petulant expression of childish pride.

Cooler and wiser heads among the newspaper men put the matter in proper perspective. I. Norman Smith, associate editor of the *Ottawa Journal,* was one of these. He reported from the UN: "Certainly the Canadians here were disappointed on learning that the force they had been so keen to create would not at once include Canadian infantry but only transport and various kinds of administration. But this natural disappointment could not fairly be called 'humiliation' or 'defeat' . . . The object of this exercise is to have UN forces secure and keep the peace and

E. L. M. Burns: Enforced indecision.

to attain some long term working arrangement with Egypt. The object is not to get Canadians carrying guns posted along the Suez Canal."

The Canadian Government, quite properly, refused to send the Magnificent and a battalion of infantry rushing off to the Mediterranean while the duties, size and composition of the UN force were still vague. If the UN wanted the battalion, it was ready. Nor could General Burns be criticized for not deciding earlier that what he wanted from Canada was administrative troops, not infantry. He had a difficult job of organization to do with the polyglot force, and could not do too much planning while the Secretary-General of the UN, Dag Hammarskjold, was discussing the police force with Nasser.

If Canadian anger and frustration needed a target, the obvious one was Hammarskjold, who seems to have been acting on the belief that the UN force was going to Egypt simply to protect Nasser from the big bullies who had been pushing him around.

The mess in the Middle East was not caused by the attacks of Britain, France and Israel on Egypt. The three powers by their armed action merely brought it to a head. The causes of the trouble remain: the refusal of the Arabs to live in peace with Israel, the Egyptian grip on the Suez Canal, and Nasser himself, an ambitious and unscrupulous dictator breeding hate and violence throughout the Middle East. The big job of the UN is the cleaning up of these sore spots, not simply the imposition of a false peace.

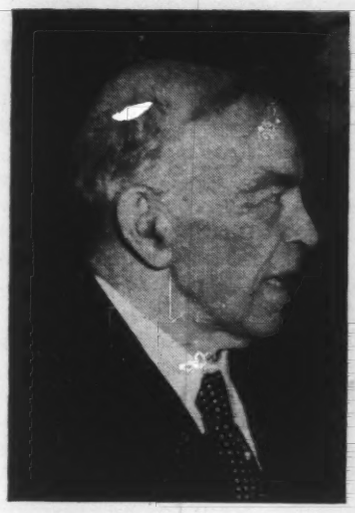
Whose Army?

CANADIANS should do some thinking about Nasser's reasons for objecting to the inclusion of a Canadian infantry unit, the Queen's Own Rifles, in the UN's Egyptian police force. Not only was the name likely to arouse Egyptian animosity, he said, but his people would find it very difficult to distinguish Canadian troops from British. He had some other reasons, but they need not concern us now. The interesting point is this: not only are our troops unable to fly a distinctively Canadian flag over their headquarters, but they are distinguishable from British troops only by their badges and the superior cut and quality of their battledress.

Other Commonwealth troops have distinctive dress, why not Canadians? Indeed, in recent years the Canadian Army seems to have been making quite an effort to make itself less Canadian. Fine old militia regiments have been monkeyed with, Guards units have been formed in slavish imitation of the British, and recently the Army announced that the Royal Canadian Artillery will henceforth be known as The Royal Regiment of Canadian Artillery—simply, in the Army's words, to bring "Canadian artillery into line with the Royal Regiment of Artillery in the United Kingdom with which Canadian artillery units are affiliated".

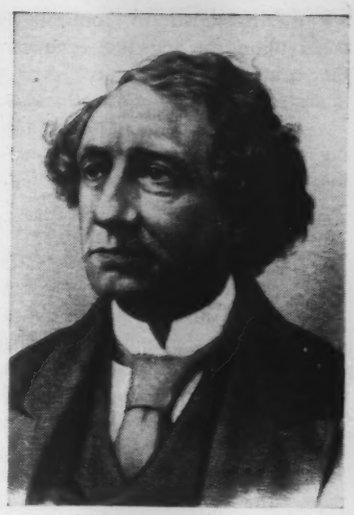
The British have a superb military tradition, and many Canadian units are linked with that tradition. But our soldiers are Canadians, and they have established in battle their right to national recognition. If we are to have Guards units, let them be truly Canadian Guards, recognizable as such; they do not have to be artificial imitations of some other nation's proud regiments, and they do not need to bask in any borrowed glory.

With the rest of the nation constantly striving for expression of its individuality, the brasshats seem to be making a deliberate policy of the submerging of the Army's national identity. It may not be a policy at all, of course; it may only be the product of ancient hero-worship or gin-and-tonic nostalgia. But in any case, it's a silly denial of this country's development as a nation. And who knows—with a new pride in its Canadianism, the Army might even come close to getting all the recruits it needs.



Mackenzie King: The end result.

It has become almost impossible to tell what party a Canadian politician follows by what he says—and he himself may be unable to define his political doctrine.



Sir John A. Macdonald: Fixer.

Wanted: A Political Party for Canada

by J. H. Stewart Reid

A TINY LITTLE squall of controversy disturbed the otherwise calm weather during the recent national convention of Young Liberal Associations in Winnipeg. Two delegates from that city resigned their credentials in an effort to force the convention to debate a motion of censure of the Ottawa government for its handling of the recent pipe-line legislation. But the newspapers made more of their gesture than the convention did. The "great debate" failed to materialize and the convention continued its normal, self-satisfied way.

The local Young Conservative organization tried to make some political capital out of the incident and its spokesman formally invited the two Liberal rebels to join his association. "The place for all real Liberals today," he said "is in the Conservative party." That noise that you heard that day was made by the Cecils and the Chamberlains, the Gladstones and the Mills, all whirling in their graves.

Is there any reason why a Canadian Liberal should not join a Conservative association? Or a professed Conservative think that it is right for him to do so? Really none, for there is no real difference of principles between Liberal and Conservative in Canada. In fact, there are no principles.

If we accept the definition of Burke that a political party is in essence a body of men united in agreement about the validity of certain political convictions, then the obvious and inescapable conclusion is that there actually exists no such thing in Canada today.

This condition has been with us a long time now. Soon after Confederation, Sir John A. Macdonald fixed upon Canadian politics the notion that a political party is simply an association of men for the purpose of either gaining or holding office. Not, please notice, to gain or hold office for the purpose of implementing an agreed policy based upon agreed principles, but simply to gain or hold office.

The means to an end has become in our system the end itself. Its ablest supporter and its end result was Mackenzie King. Neither the great statesman that his dwindling body of admirers would like to make him, nor the Machiavelli that his latest biographers try to convince us he was, Mackenzie King was simply a little man with some skill in saying very little very impressively, whose chief claim to fame will always be that he held office longer than any other Prime Minister in the history of the Commonwealth. What did he stand for? It is difficult to say. What did he accomplish? No one is quite sure. What were his political convictions? Who knows? But he *did* stay in office, and since the professional politicians of all parties seem to suspect that there was some connection between his complete lack of political principles and his amazing degree of political success, he has become the model for them all. As a result it has become almost impossible to tell, from what a Canadian politician says, whether he is Tory or Liberal, Socialist or free-enterpriser, individualist or collectivist.

The Commons: A greyness.

There was a time during the thirties when it looked as if a political party in the old-fashioned meaning of the word had come into existence. For two decades after its birth, the CCF could claim that it had both a coherent philosophy and a distinct program. Even though an embarrassingly large section of its supporters were far from being Socialists —or at least far from understanding what Socialism is — they still paid lip service to the Regina Manifesto, and they still talked about the necessity of eradicating capitalism.

So long as the CCF continued to be a party dedicated to the advancement of Socialism, it had a following of devoted men, and it had an extremely salutary effect on Canadian politics. But the war and the necessity of joining forces with their political enemies made it difficult

for the Socialists to continue their attacks upon the existing economic order; the continuing prosperity after the war made such attacks politically unwise (i.e., not vote-catching); and the advance of the Liberal government into such experiments as family allowances so blurred the contrast in colour between its supporters and those of the CCF that it became very hard to tell them apart.

Last summer the CCF at its Winnipeg convention quietly buried the Regina Manifesto and announced its new belief that Socialism must live in and with a modified form of capitalism. Then the delegates turned to the really important question: how can the party get more votes and more legislative seats? In the new rush to win friends and influence people, nobody must ask "What for?". What was once a vigorous little infant political party has now become a flabby little adult association of politicians.

There may be a few hardy pioneers left in the Social Credit party in Alberta who still have some faint attachment to the "funny-money" theories of Major Douglas. But they must be few in number.

The Social Credit party in Alberta has only two qualities that distinguish it from any other. Since taking office it has provided reasonably honest and reasonably efficient government. And because this was the first time this had happened in Alberta's short history, it has succeeded in staying in office. It could have done so under any name, and since it has no body of principles, no theories at all, any name would have done. In British Columbia the party won initial success by an astute combination of the methods of Billy Graham and those of P. T. Barnum. But what keeps it in office is probably neither its rather shoddy religious appeal nor the high-pressure circus tactics of Mr. Bennett. It is instead the appalling intellectual poverty of the opposition — Liberal, Conservative and CCF alike.

In federal politics, Social Credit has done little more than offer a few mad observations. Social Crediters filled a political vacuum in Alberta; they filled an intellectual vacuum in British Columbia; but in federal politics they had better face the fact that they are competing with the champion vacuum-fillers of all time in the present Liberal organization.

The Conservative party in Canada is the heir to an old and honorable tradition, one that has been effectively defended and nobly exemplified by Edmund Burke, by Aristotle and Cicero before him, and by Abraham Lincoln and Robert Peel since his time. Burke's conservatism he himself could analyze. He hated injustice to the individual even if the injustice seemed to bring benefit to the majority. He denounced the revolutionary idea of equality and insisted on the necessity of ranks and distinctions in society. He urged that it was necessary to make changes gradually, and only in response to proven need.

Like Burke, most Conservatives of the nineteenth century mistrusted action from collective pressure, opposed levelling, suspected centralized and concentrated power, and put their faith in private initiative, moral rectitude and divine guidance.

Now these attitudes and these convictions, brought to bear upon specific Canadian problems by men of intelligence, should surely result in something more than the "me too" cries that have risen from Canadian Tories of recent decades. In the last session of Parliament on several occasions the naked doctrine of what John Calhoun called the "dictatorship of the numerical majority" was several times advanced by boisterous Liberal spokesmen. If ever there was a flagrant denial of the ages-old tradition that the law and the constitution are above any government, no matter how great its majority, it is this doctrine. Yet Conservatives, supposedly the guardians of the old and tried constitutional principles, did not effectively challenge it.

Political Scoreboard

Liberals: The champion vacuum-fillers of all time, barren of initiative and ideas.

Conservatives: No platform for three-quarters of a century.

CCF: A flabby little association of politicians.

Social Credit: Little more than a few mad observations.

At the present moment there is a great deal of talk about a re-organized and revitalized Conservative party under a new leader. The new organization, says George Hees, faces a "gigantic selling job" if it is to recapture its old hold upon a section of all Canadian opinion. This is probably true.

It is a job that probably will be well done by indefatigable workers such as Donald Fleming and Davie Fulton, and by energetic and personable provincial leaders such as Duff Roblin in Manitoba and Deane Finlayson in British Columbia. There is only one question left unanswered, and nobody in Conservative circles seems even to be asking it. What are they going to sell? Not at present the Conservative ideal, for I doubt very much if any one of the salesmen could even define what that is; not a Conservative platform, for there hasn't been one for three-quarters of a century.

It is in the Liberal party in Canada today that the most flagrant ignorance of political principle is to be seen. That party is the beneficiary of a set of circumstances that kept it in power during two decades when no government, no matter how poverty-stricken in ideas or talent, could have failed to be successful. Anchored by an enormous dead weight of accumulated old age and massed mediocrity, and challenged by an opposition that lacks the essential strength of its convictions, the present majority in the Canadian House of Commons will be very hard to shake. And the common greyness that covers all in Canadian politics will continue unrelieved.

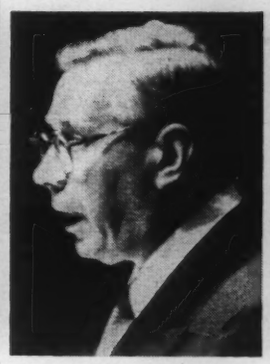
The Liberals are even now planning their strategy for the election next year, and cabinet meetings have already discussed, and probably decided, what inducements will be offered to us to vote Liberal next June.

No doubt the campaign for Liberalism in office will be skilfully conducted, but one cannot help suspecting that not more than two or three of those who will conduct it, could even attempt to define the word "Liberalism." And none of them gives any indication that he sees that national health insurance, for example, raises again the fundamental philosophic problem that faces all real Liberals today. It is more than seventy-five years since thinking Liberals were brought face to face with the dilemma that arises when individualists must take collectivist measures. Some of them — men like Thomas Hill Green and the first Arnold Toynbee — went very far to solve the problem. But Canadian Liberals apparently do not even know that it is even there. Can you imagine C. D. Howe, for example, discussing Green's theory of "positive" Liberalism as opposed to "mere negative" Liberalism? For that matter, can you imagine Mr. Howe even being willing to discuss such a question. One result of the deliberate ignoring of such matters is distressingly clear. As a piece of political machinery the present Liberal organization is a fairly efficient one; it even provides reasonably satisfactory government. But it is as barren of imagination, of initiative, and of ideas as any in the history of our times.

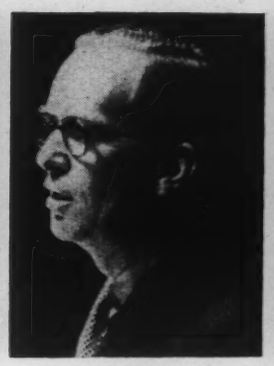
The pipe-line debate of last summer should surely have been a lesson to the professional politicians of all of Canada's so-called political parties. As the debate warmed up, so did popular interest all over the country. And when the debate threatened to touch on fundamental principles of government the interest mounted still higher. Instead of being frightened by ideas the general public eagerly pricked up its collective ears. The lesson was fairly plain. Promises of taxation cuts, of increased social security, of higher grants for this and that, are all tried and true vote buyers. But they have lost most of their novelty and some of their appeal. Won't some party — any party — promise us, for a change, all these things and a set of ideas too? Almost any ideas will do.

Hammarskjold: UN

Lodge: US



Sobolev: USSR



Dixon: UK

Pearson: Canada

In the UN, men talked — the angry, cynical, desperate, pleading of crisis. But they wore the smooth faces of diplomats.

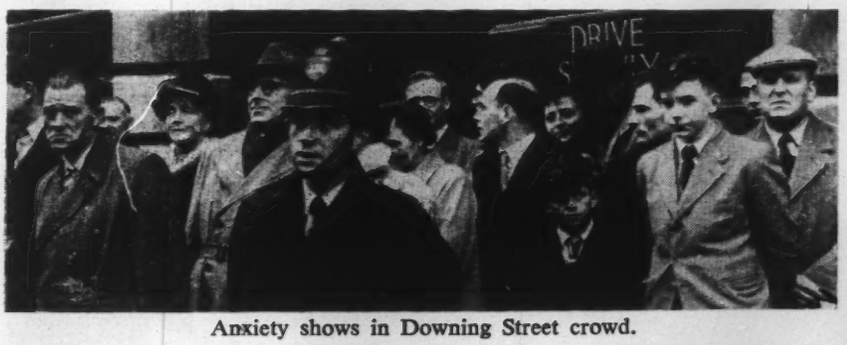
The Face of Crisis

Cardinal Mindzenty: Worn.

Death of a Hero.

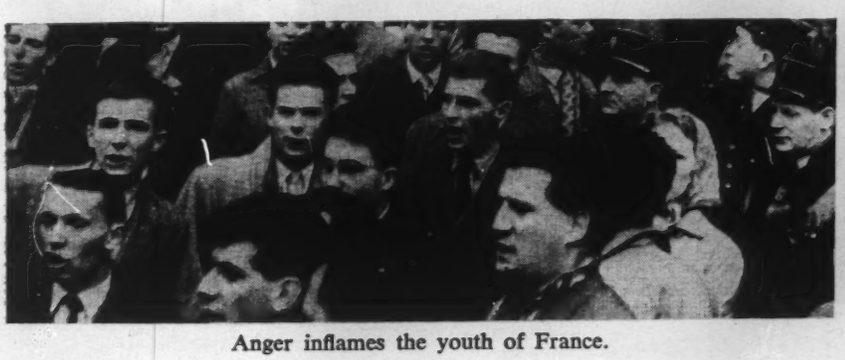
Misery for the old.

In the tortured countryside and bloody streets of Hungary, crisis had another face. Here were agonized, betrayed people. It was tragedy too deep for words.



Anxiety shows in Downing Street crowd.

In the cities of Europe, crisis had the face of anger and grim waiting.



Anger inflames the youth of France.

Tension in Poland.

Students led attacks on Communist headquarters. In Poland people waited, unsmiling, to see if they would be the next to die.

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Social Credit: Little more than a few mad observations.

At the present moment there is a great deal of talk about a re-organized and revitalized Conservative party under a new leader. The new organization, says George Hees, faces a "gigantic selling job" if it is to recapture its old hold upon a section of all Canadian opinion. This is probably true.

It is a job that probably will be well done by indefatigable workers such as Donald Fleming and Davie Fulton, and by energetic and personable provincial leaders such as Duff Roblin in Manitoba and Deane Finlayson in British Columbia. There is only one question left unanswered, and nobody in Conservative circles seems even to be asking it. What are they going to sell? Not at present the Conservative ideal, for I doubt very much if any one of the salesmen could even define what that is; not a Conservative platform, for there hasn't been one for three-quarters of a century.

It is in the Liberal party in Canada today that the most flagrant ignorance of political principle is to be seen. That party is the beneficiary of a set of circumstances that kept it in power during two decades when no government, no matter how poverty-stricken in ideas or talent, could have failed to be successful. Anchored by an enormous dead weight of accumulated old age and massed mediocrity, and challenged by an opposition that lacks the essential strength of its convictions, the present majority in the Canadian House of Commons will be very hard to shake. And the common greyness that covers all in Canadian politics will continue unrelieved.

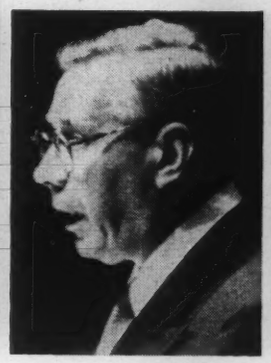
The Liberals are even now planning their strategy for the election next year, and cabinet meetings have already discussed, and probably decided, what inducements will be offered to us to vote Liberal next June.

No doubt the campaign for Liberalism in office will be skilfully conducted, but one cannot help suspecting that not more than two or three of those who will conduct it, could even attempt to define the word "Liberalism." And none of them gives any indication that he sees that national health insurance, for example, raises again the fundamental philosophic problem that faces all real Liberals today. It is more than seventy-five years since thinking Liberals were brought face to face with the dilemma that arises when individualists must take collectivist measures. Some of them — men like Thomas Hill Green and the first Arnold Toynbee — went very far to solve the problem. But Canadian Liberals apparently do not even know that it is even there. Can you imagine C. D. Howe, for example, discussing Green's theory of "positive" Liberalism as opposed to "mere negative" Liberalism? For that matter, can you imagine Mr. Howe even being willing to discuss such a question. One result of the deliberate ignoring of such matters is distressingly clear. As a piece of political machinery the present Liberal organization is a fairly efficient one; it even provides reasonably satisfactory government. But it is as barren of imagination, of initiative, and of ideas as any in the history of our times.

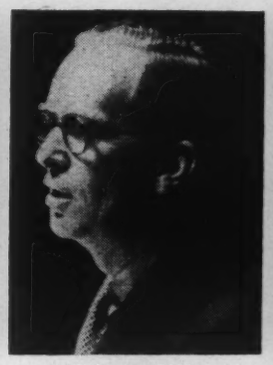
The pipe-line debate of last summer should surely have been a lesson to the professional politicians of all of Canada's so-called political parties. As the debate warmed up, so did popular interest all over the country. And when the debate threatened to touch on fundamental principles of government the interest mounted still higher. Instead of being frightened by ideas the general public eagerly pricked up its collective ears. The lesson was fairly plain. Promises of taxation cuts, of increased social security, of higher grants for this and that, are all tried and true vote buyers. But they have lost most of their novelty and some of their appeal. Won't some party — any party — promise us, for a change, all these things and a set of ideas too? Almost any ideas will do.

Hammarskjold: UN

Lodge: US



Sobolev: USSR

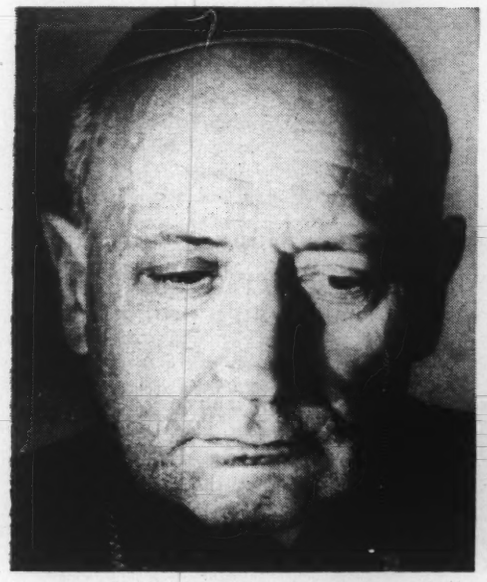


Dixon: UK

Pearson: Canada

In the UN, men talked — the angry, cynical, desperate, pleading of crisis. But they wore the smooth faces of diplomats.

The Face of Crisis

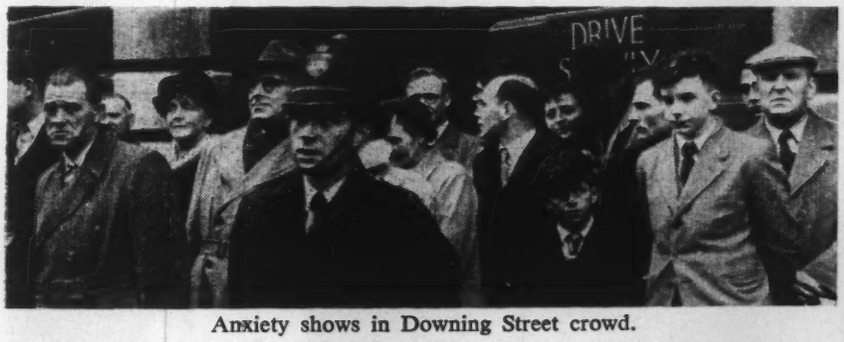


Cardinal Mindzenty: Worn.

Death of a Hero.

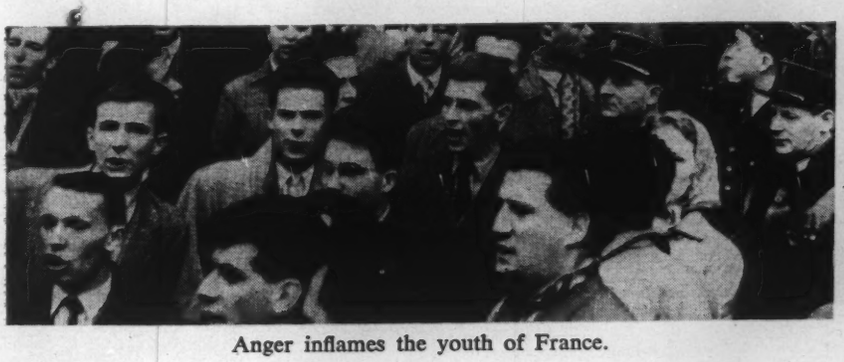
Misery for the old.

In the tortured countryside and bloody streets of Hungary, crisis had another face. Here were agonized, betrayed people. It was tragedy too deep for words.



Anxiety shows in Downing Street crowd.

In the cities of Europe, crisis had the face of anger and grim waiting.



Anger inflames the youth of France.

Tension in Poland.

Students led attacks on Communist headquarters. In Poland people waited, unsmiling, to see if they would be the next to die.

Parade before the UN Building.

The United Nations and World Crisis

by Harry Rasky

Russian tanks in Budapest.

There are still optimists around, but one thing is certain: the UN will have to find new strength and power before it can properly deal with the world's really tough problems.

UNITED NATIONS — Jimmy the shoe-shine boy, who has learned to say "Want a shine, mister?" in 28 languages as a result of ten years with the United Nations, looked up from his work and pontificated, "I don't know exactly how they're going to do it, but somehow or other the UN will pull us through this mess." And he added in his Bronx voice slightly spiced with 28 language flavors, "After all, if the countries here don't pull it off, there ain't going to be no more UN, and if there ain't no more UN, I'm out of a job."

Jimmy said it best. Many of the delegates of 76 countries occupied the rostrum of the luxurious General Assembly during its first emergency session here on the banks of the East River, and many argued long into the nights and early mornings, but none said it with such simple eloquence: If the UN did not succeed in Hungary and the Middle-East, the United Nations organization, with all its miles of carpet and glass and steel, isn't going to be worth a damn. And a lot of delegates are going to be out of jobs.

The fast-paced events of late October and early November caught the UN, like the whole world, off balance. With great haste it met to provide for an autumn of decision, which might ward off a winter of discontent — or a winter of war. In the eleven years of its existence, the UN has moved with polite slowness. But the bold attack by Israel on Egypt, and the action by France and Britain that follow-

British Sir Pierson Dixon and American Cabot Lodge vote against Russian proposal for armed intervention in Egypt.

ed, led to such a speedy clamor for action that action followed before anyone was really able to give it much thought.

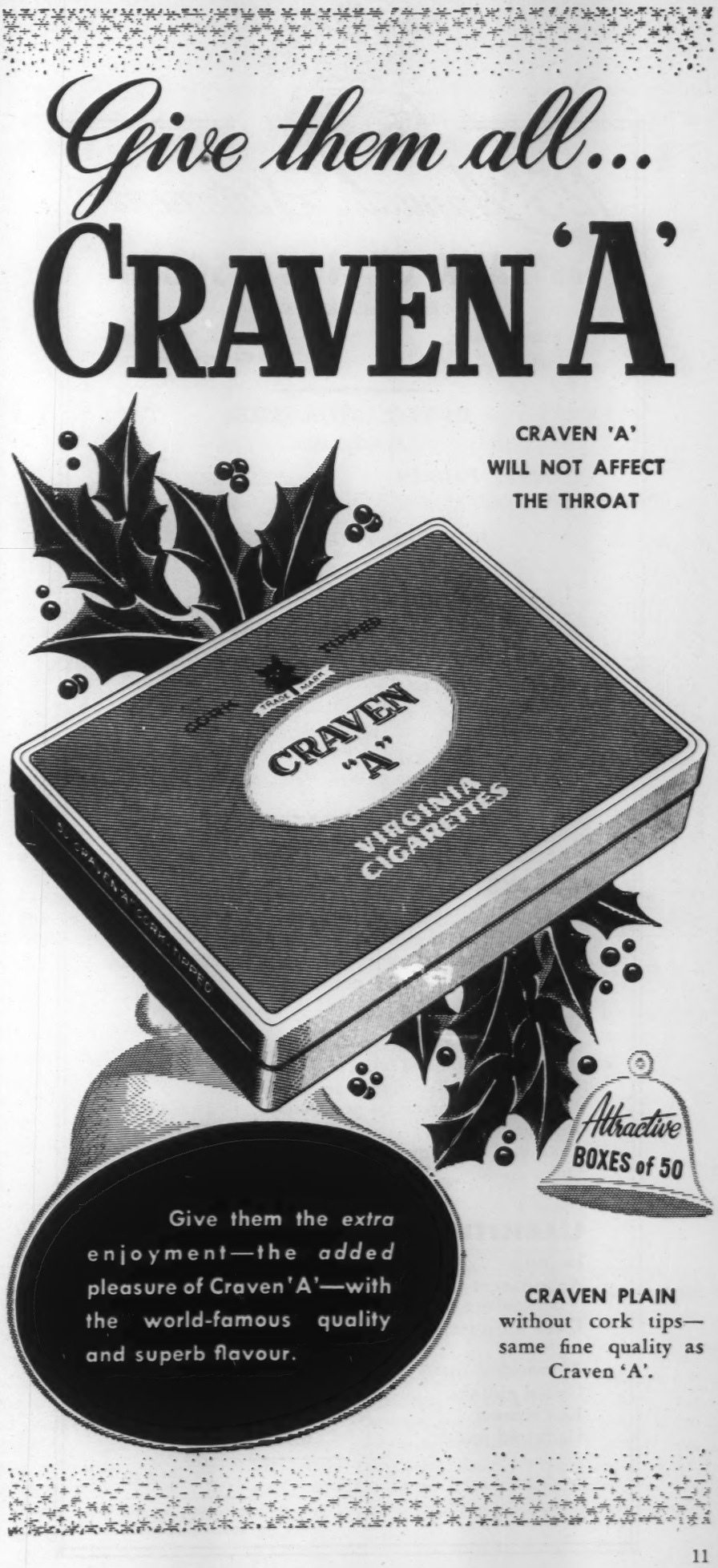
One Thursday night—no, it was Friday morning by then—Canada's Lester Pearson, rising to explain why Canada could not support a move to call Britain an aggressor (but Canada did abstain), suggested that the way out was to provide the United Nations with an army, or police force. This suggestion is not new. As the French delegate said later, France had wanted an international army as part of the League of Nations, after the first war to end all wars. And during the past eleven years, a military arm to give the UN some real power had come up in many a conversation. (It's true that the war in Korea was called a "UN police action" but that was just a nice way of saying "American intervention".) At an emergency session of the General Assembly at three in the morning, with delegates aching with fatigue, a UN police force seemed like a fine idea. And in subsequent meetings the Pearson police plan was passed.

A few days later, I met Pearson in the North Delegates Lounge, which I'm sure is the largest bar in the world. He said, "I've just been asked what I thought the police force will do to the UN, and I can honestly say I really don't know. Maybe the next few weeks will tell."

No other delegates here would venture any more specific an answer. The UN police force, created in haste, to include 1200 Canadians, sponsored by a Canadian, and to be headed by a Canadian, Major General E. L. M. Burns, may be one of the greatest fiascos of all time. On the other hand, it may be the saviour of the UN.

At the moment, however, it isn't large enough to do much more than utter a large bark. With all due respect to General Burns, who has been conducting a lonely vigil in no-man's-land in Jerusalem these past two years, it seems that his choice was more a matter of convenience than anything else. "Have uniform, will travel," might well have been his motto. The great weakness of such an arm-band army is that the country which it is to police must first give its approval before it can enter. This is much the same as an invading army politely asking the country it intends to attack, "May I please come in?"

As for the actual war in Egypt, how it came about is one of the best-kept secrets of the generation, and when the final tale is told it should really be worth hearing. The best educated guess here is that the French and Israelis got together and sold the idea to Britain. Obviously Britain and France wanted to remove the canal from Egyptian control—and remove Nasser too, if possible. Israel had nothing to lose. Sooner or later Nasser was going to attempt to liquidate the tiny state. Israel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ASSETS

Cash, clearings and due from banks	$194,252,618
Canadian Government securities not exceeding market value	227,710,873
Other bonds and stocks, not exceeding market value	80,736,917
Call loans (secured)	87,188,746
Other loans and discounts (less provision for estimated loss)	641,037,962
Customers' liability under acceptances and letters of credit (as per contra)	19,865,233
Bank premises	13,410,018
Controlled Company	5,416,153
Other assets	523,952
	$1,270,142,472

LIABILITIES

Deposits	$1,176,942,664
Acceptances and letters of credit outstanding	19,865,233
Other liabilities	4,903,343
	$1,201,711,240
Shareholders' Equity	
Capital paid-up $17,841,757	
Rest account 49,956,916	
Undivided profits 632,559	
	68,431,232
	$1,270,142,472

knew someday it would have to fight. Why not now when it had Britain and France to neutralize Egypt's growing Soviet-provided air force? How it all will turn out is another matter.

The *New York Times* tried to sum it up: "As the situation is developing, Britain, France and Israel will have nothing to show for their action except a split with the United States and the heightened enmity of the Arab countries. The Arabs' self-confidence, moreover, also has increased as a result of Soviet sabre-rattling in their behalf."

It was sad indeed to see the Commonwealth Nations vote, when the time came to label Britain as an aggressor. Had the Communists tried with all their power to dismember the old Empire it couldn't have been done with more success. Ceylon and India were both quick to team up with all countries in the Asian-African group to convict.

Both Britain and France in their urgency to get hold of the canal didn't seem to think that Nasser would close it off when their attack began. But now there are as many ships at its bottom as used to pass through it in an afternoon. And it will be months before it is open to traffic once again. The world's most important short-cut is cut off.

As for the issue of Hungary, there was much noise but little action. The U.S. delegate, dapper Cabot Lodge, huffed and puffed but didn't blow down the Russian machine in Hungary. The UN proved to be useless in attempting to deal with the situation. And although that story is far from finished, the UN lost great prestige through its failure to stop the brutal Russian rape of Budapest and the other Hungarian communities.

There are still a few optimists around like Jimmy, the boot-black, who say that had there been no United Nations we certainly would have been involved in a global war; so the UN has in fact, provided a great service. But one thing is certain: the UN will have to find new strength and power before it can effectively deal with the world's really serious problems.

The editorials of New York newspapers have found new eloquence in these days of new crisis. Recently the *Times* had this to say: "We cannot this morning foresee a date when all the atomic weapons will be destroyed, when no more war planes will take to the sky and no more tanks will roll, when no more artillery will wheel into line, when no more infantry will move forward up the forbidden hill towards the blazing trenches. We must keep our armament. We must not suffer soft delusions.

'We can plan and we can hope. And we can dream of a time when the world will not be ruled by hate and fear."

The main armament of the UN is hope.

"If they are to be beholden to anybody it will be Duplessis, not St. Laurent."

Canadien nationalism—the desire to preserve a state of mind generated by three centuries of history, the dread that its _mystique_ may disappear—lies at the root of the controversy.

Quebec Universities: Politics vs. Needs

by Hugh MacLennan

Rioting students at Legislative Buildings call for action.

NO MATTER what the universities may decide to do this year in the matter of the federal grants offered through the National Conference of Canadian Universities, they will not have heard the last of Premier Duplessis, nor he of them, for their problems in a changing world are a challenge to the Premier's unchanging philosophy and technique of government.

Maurice Duplessis realized this before the universities did, and that is why the grave, deadly minuet between academy and state has taken so long to get into its stride. During the last two years the music has been growing louder, the evolutions of the dancers faster and more intricate. It has produced a spectacle which could occur only in a society at once romantic and shrewd. It could be appreciated only by an audience so attuned to overtones that a calculated ambiguity can sound like a trumpet call, and an ecclesiastical silence can thunder like a roll of drums.

English-speaking Canadians, even in Quebec, have consistently oversimplified the issue between the Premier and the universities. To them it looked like a simple contest between good and evil. They were shocked when the Premier forbade the universities to accept federal aid when it was first offered, and they were outraged—at least those who were tax-payers—when he imposed a provincial income tax to enable him to support higher education in his own way and on his own terms. When Ottawa devised the plan of giving the grants to the NCCU for distribution, they caught the Premier out of step, for it is beyond his legal power to prevent any university from accepting a grant from a private source. Outside the province it was taken for granted that Duplessis had been spirited out of the picture. Inside Quebec we knew better.

The Premier growled ominously, an anticipatory shiver passed through the province, and the rumor spread that the universities were so afraid of retaliation that they would venture nothing until death or resignation removed a tyrant from the scene.

But the issue was never so simple as this. It is perfectly true that the Premier relishes his role of *le grand boss* and that it is his instinct to strike back, and to strike hard, at anyone who defies him. It is equally true that he has no cause to love the universities of his province, for few of the students admire him and some of his most articulate critics come from academic ranks. He has always resented the intrusion of federal benefactions in Quebec, if for no other reason than that they limit his own powers of rewarding friends and punishing enemies. He is shrewd enough to reflect that a professor—especially a professor of political science—will think twice before attacking a politician who controls the funds of the university that employs him. If the universities of Quebec are to feel beholden to a government, Premier Duplessis is determined to see to it that the government will be his own and not Mr. St. Laurent's.

Yet it would be an egregious error to assume that the Premier's motives are entirely cynical. He would never have been so successful if behind his tough methods there did not lurk a hard core of sincere emotion.

He is the only successful nationalistic politician Quebec has ever produced, the only one who has proved himself capable of combining a narrow chauvinistic philosophy with an ability to develop the province along modern lines and strengthen her economy. This extraordinary man has never been afflicted by the illusion that *Canadien* nationalism can survive if it opposes industrial progress, or if it rests on a blind opposition to "Anglo-Saxon" ways. He insists he is not anti-English, and the English-speaking industrialists who know

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him have never had cause to doubt the sincerity of this declaration. He uses them for his own purposes as they use him for theirs.

Behind this cooperation with industry lies the Premier's determination to make Quebec mistress in her own house, and nothing so enrages him as the accusation that he is selling out Quebec's natural resources to the foreigner. He feels confident that few "foreigners" will step out of line while he can hold over them the threat of nationalization of their mines, their pulp-wood or their power companies. But he also knows, as do the voters, that he would not be able to handle a federal government as he can handle a tough industrialist. That is why even a paper like *Le Devoir,* which detests some of his methods, stands behind him whenever he blows the nationalistic horn.

It is Canadien nationalism—the desire to preserve the state of mind generated by three centuries of hard history, the dread that its *mystique* may disappear if exposed to external influences—that has lain at the root of the whole controversy over federal aid to the universities. Without this force behind him, the Premier would have been powerless to influence the decisions of the university chiefs.

Because the emotions involved are so difficult to define, because they are so varied, the Premier has had the advantage of confronting a divided opposition. As sensitive as seismographs to each political and emotional temblor in the province, the universities also contain every nuance of moral, political and religious opinion in Quebec. The traditionalists on their staffs fear the growing prestige of science. The anti-clericals—and they are many—have asked themselves whether it might not be a mistake to accept federal grants unless it was stipulated that they be used solely for research, because federal grants taken without such qualifications would strengthen the many classical colleges of the province, and the classical colleges (which also receive pupils of high school age) are the main bastions of clericalism in the Quebec educational system. And of course, those responsible for the university finances have to balance the gains that would accrue from Ottawa against the losses they would suffer if an angry Premier withdrew the provincial grants.

The main opposition to federal aid, as might be suspected, has come from French-speaking Conservatives, and some have expressed themselves in language which sounds fantastic to English ears. During the week when the university chiefs were assembled in Ottawa, there was a debate in French over the radio in which one excited speaker cried that if the universities of Quebec accepted statutory grants from the Federal Government, "the crucifix will be torn off our walls."

Remember that the *Canadien* nationalist

is a mystic; that he believes himself the truest Catholic alive; that he is convinced that the purity of his faith will be corrupted by contact with the materialistic world outside the province.

If you remember this, it is not difficult to understand why the prospect of federal aid to universities can seem alarming to many people in Quebec. For federal aid will mean, among other things, more laboratories, more physicists, chemists, biologists, psychologists, geneticists and social scientists. It will mean a strengthening of the forces which everywhere tend to break down emotional nationalism. As every species of emotional nationalism is neurotic in origin, what wonder if a *Canadien* nationalist should fear that anything in which he believes will destroy the root of his belief in himself?

On a level less emotional, some *Canadiens* have expressed the fear that the statutory grants, though at present they are offered without strings, will in the course of time be turned by the Federal Government into a weapon against Quebec's so-called cultural autonomy.

It is argued that if the universities accept the grants now, they will expand their plant, their enrollment and their staffs, with the inevitable result that forevermore they will be dependent on Ottawa for their survival. Later on, when their independence is gone, the federal government that pays the piper will call the tune.

In view of this complex emotional and political background, it is superficial thinking to suppose that the crisis facing the Quebec universities can be settled permanently this year by a few courageous decisions taken in university board rooms. The university chiefs have known for some time that this is more than a crude contest between themselves and the will of Maurice Duplessis. No university would choose to take a stand on the barricades, certainly not one of the English ones, which would instantly be labelled as selfish and indifferent to Quebec's interests if it did so. This is a grave political situation, and the rectors and principals have had good cause to move slowly.

Time, in a sense, is on their side, for no informed person doubts that the statutory grants will be ultimately accepted by the universities of Quebec. Universities can no longer subsist on class fees and the generosity of rich men: their welfare has become one with the welfare and safety of the nation. Nor can they be financed permanently by a provincial government without resort to special taxation which in time will become so unpopular it will bring down the government. The question of the moment, as the university chiefs see it, is to weigh present loss against future gain, and to protect their institutions from the fate of all institutions which become political footballs.

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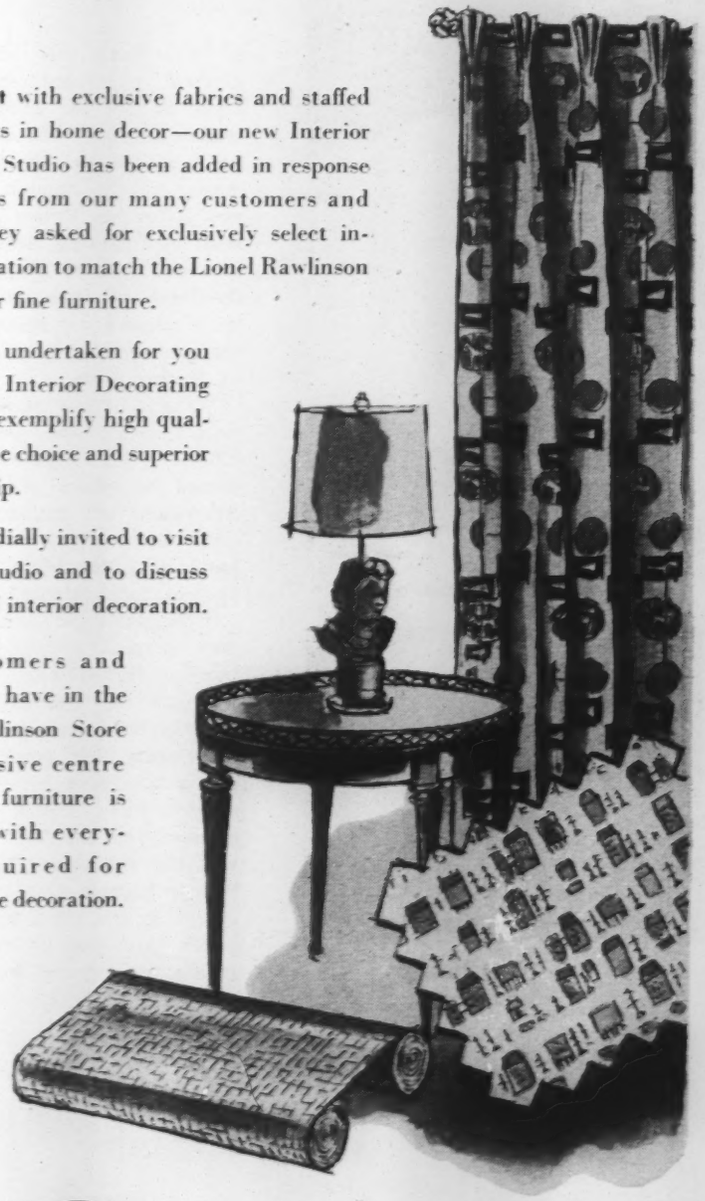

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Canadians Speak Canadian

by M. H. Scargill

Tomato or Tomatto?

Dogg or Dawg?

IT WAS ONLY this year that a distinguished philologist in Montreal was taken to task for giving a talk on "Canadian English". His critics claimed that he was talking about something that does not exist because Canadians, when not following British usage in speech, must be following American usage. That is, we English-speaking Canadians have developed no language of our own and must depend on Britain or the U.S.A. for all our ideas and for all the words to express them.

What a narrow view! Who discovered insulin, pray, and named it from the Latin? Who experimented with and named the splake? And since when have Americans or British freely discussed Clear Grits, Digby chickens, Socreds, the Land of Little Sticks, separate schools, nitchies, longlinermen?

If the philologist's critics are so sure that they do speak nothing but a strange mixture of British with American English, why are they recognized as Canadians both in Britain and America as soon as they open their mouths? "I know you are a Canadian by the way you pronounce about, house, sir, and elm and because you use 'eh' instead of 'what'," says the American. "I know you aren't British because you pronounce cot and caught in the same way," says the Britisher. "And you do rhyme tomato with potato, a thing that we never do."

Since the Americans deny that we speak like them and since the British refuse to recognize us as speaking British English, we must speak something different from either one. Could this be Canadian English?

Moreover, not only are English-speaking Canadians easily recognized outside Canada by the way they talk, they are also recognized within Canada as coming from different areas. Once the native of Toronto pronounces the name of his city, he can be recognized anywhere. Which of us cannot pick out the Newfoundlander with his soft lilt and Celtic tones? And I well remember the Ottawa man holidaying (or is it vacationing?) in the West who looked at me askance when I pointed out a clump of trees as a bluff. The poor man was under the impression that a bluff is some sort of hill. He didn't know what a Manitoba wave was, either.

Of course, because of a lack of adequate research, it is hard to define Canadian English. That is why many people prefer to deny its existence. That and a strange belief that because many words which they use daily are not in the *Oxford English Dictionary* they must be figments of their imagination. We have no authoritative dictionary of Canadian English. We have no history of Canadian English. We do not have a single grammar based on the actual usage of

It is in vocabulary that Canadian English is quite independent. We alone have "chuck races" and "Mounties".

Canadian English speakers and writers. Canadian teachers of English use books based on British or American usage. Indeed, I doubt if there can be any people in the world as ignorant of its own language as we English-speaking Canadians are of ours.

I am surprised that in the course of arguments about bilingualism our *Canadien* compatriots have not pointed out that they can at least describe their language and produce dictionaries devoted to it, whereas the English-speaking Canadian seems anxious to deny that he himself speaks any particular language at all. Before we start talking about the "official" languages of Canada, we had better remember that the existence of one of them or, at least, its nature seems a matter of doubt.

It is obviously true that Canadian English shares certain features with British English and certain features with American English. Things could hardly be otherwise in view of the history of our country. The closer Canadians live to the American border, the greater is the influence of the Northern American speech area on them. In a city like Lethbridge, for instance, eighty per cent of the people have predominantly American habits of pronunciation. Indeed, in Alberta as a whole more than sixty per cent of the native-born population have a pronunciation which is predominantly American. Only one-half of one per cent have predominantly British habits of pronunciation. The rest can use either British or American pronunciations with equal facility and acceptability.

It seems unlikely that British English will have any influence at all on Canadian English in Alberta unless there is a great influx of British immigrants. That is, the people of Alberta will soon follow American habits of pronunciation entirely.

But this acknowledgment of the debt Canadian English owes to American English is not to say that we must derive Canadian English from American English wherever they are alike. There is often no reason for even seeing an American influence. For example, there is nothing against saying that, in many cases, similar features of Canadian and American English pronunciation which are no longer found in Standard British English are to be traced separately to the same source: earlier forms of British English. The unrounded vowel of "not," the short vowel in "grass," the pronunciation of tomato to rhyme with potato —where these are found in Canadian English—may well have been introduced directly from England and later strengthened by the fact that they occur in certain areas of American English.

A proper history of the English language in Canada would be useful in

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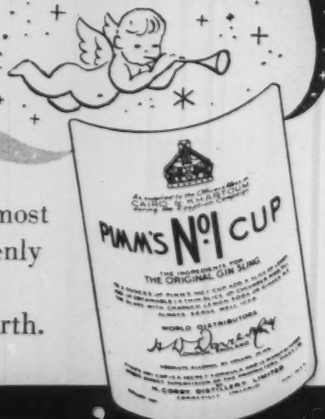

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settling disputed points. But we have no such history as yet. One often hears that the English language in Canada is to be derived from American English by way of the Loyalists. But such a theory is hardly valid. It is very doubtful if any such thing as "American English" even existed for the Loyalists to bring. And even if it did exist, it seems unlikely that every immigrant into Canada has been influenced by it.

In any case, the fact that Canadian English does make use of both British and American pronunciations, spellings, and vocabulary throws no light on Canadian English as something completely independent. For Canadian English to be accepted at all as different from either British or American English we must show not that it shares features with both but that it differs from each of them.

Now where is this independence of both British and American English likely to be? Where has Canadian English developed quite independently of either of them? Obviously not in grammar, for I am using a grammatical structure that is understood by both British and Americans. Nor is this development in orthography. We do not have an orthography completely different from that of British or American English. Nor have we developed such a radically different system of pronunciation that we cannot be understood outside Canada—although this matter of pronunciation will, I think, bear investigation and show interesting results.

It is in vocabulary that Canadian English is often quite independent of either British or American English. And this is to be expected. Canadians do not live exactly as do the Americans and the British: we do not always talk about the same things because we do not always share the same things. The fact that we and the Americans prefer gas to British petrol proves only that we all use the same product under different names. But neither the British nor the Americans have mounties or fishing admirals or separate schools. And, therefore, they do not have the words for them unless they are borrowed from us. Canadian English shows independence in names for things distinctively Canadian: Bennett buggy, outage, Lakehead, aboideau, seigneury, Grit, corduroy road, tuladi, oomiak, mukluk, treaty Indian, rampike, Prairie Provinces, gumbo, tupek, ponasked, chuck races, parklands, Bluenose, Confederation, wood rights. Obviously some of these words are French in origin; some are Eskimo and American Indian. But they have little or no place in British or American English because what they describe has no place there.

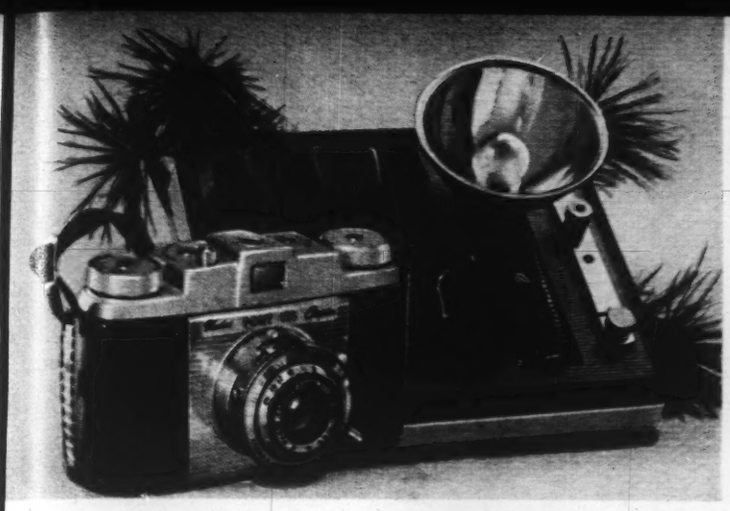
The classes into which distinctively Canadian English words do fall have been listed for the *Journal of the Canadian Linguistic Association* by an eminent lexicographer, C. J. Lovell. Some of them are adoptions from native languages: comatik, shaganappi. Some are words from Canadian French: cariole, gaspereau. Some words are created in Canada: kerosene, splake, insulin. Some are geographical and descriptive names: Loyalist City, Rupert's Land, herring choker. Some are survivals from Scottish and English dialects: droke, knapp.

Many words now identified by leading dictionaries as being of American origin can easily be shown to have their source in Canada. Other words quite properly declared obsolete by British and American dictionaries are very much alive in Canadian English. For example, a leading American dictionary gives the first appearance of "Chinese laundry" as 1904. But it can be found in the *Moose Jaw Times* for 1890. The same dictionary lists "seed catalogue" for 1907. But the *Saskatchewan Herald* used it in 1880. The *Moose Jaw Times* used "binder twine" in 1890. But an excellent American dictionary knows of it only from 1946. The same dictionary lists "treaty Indian" and "treaty money" as obsolete; it is true of the United States, but not of Canada.

Many leading dictionaries do not list words which are used daily in Canadian English: Lakehead, kokanee, Siwash, Maritimer, separate school, check (in hockey). The *Concise Oxford Dictionary* does not give chinook, saskatoon, choke cherry, mukluk, wendigo, muskeg, malemute, jack pine and many others.

But then, of course, why should American or British dictionaries concern themselves with matters of Canadian English? The *Oxford English Dictionary* is not intended to be a record of the spelling, pronunciation, and vocabulary of Canadian English. Nor is the *Dictionary of Americanisms*. And we do not have a dictionary of Canadian English that is comparable to those two great works, that does for Canadian English what they do for British and for American English.

Surely it is time that we ended the widespread ignorance that exists about Canadian English. No scholar in Canada or anywhere else can say just what "Canadian English pronunciation" really is. It has not been thoroughly investigated. No university in Canada gives a course entitled "The History of the English Language in Canada". Other matters Canadian are now considered worthy of study: literature, politics, history, resources. Why not Canadian English? "*Shibboleth*" is defined as "a test word that reveals one's nationality". What is the shibboleth of English-speaking Canadians?



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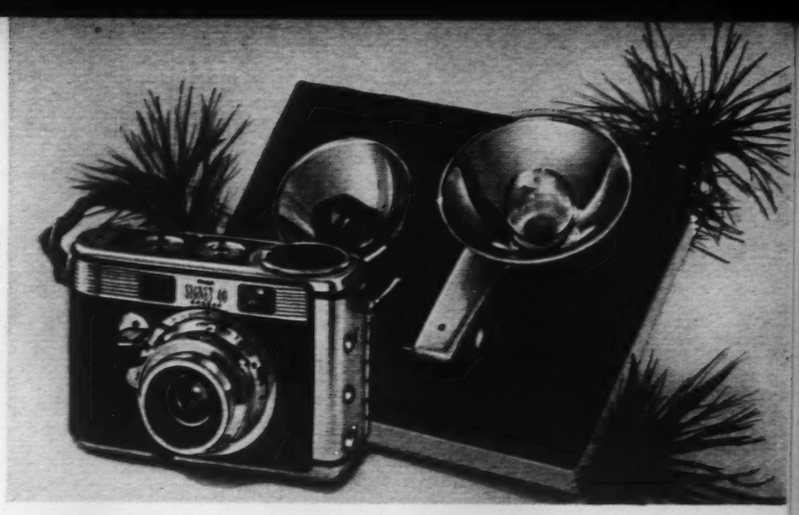

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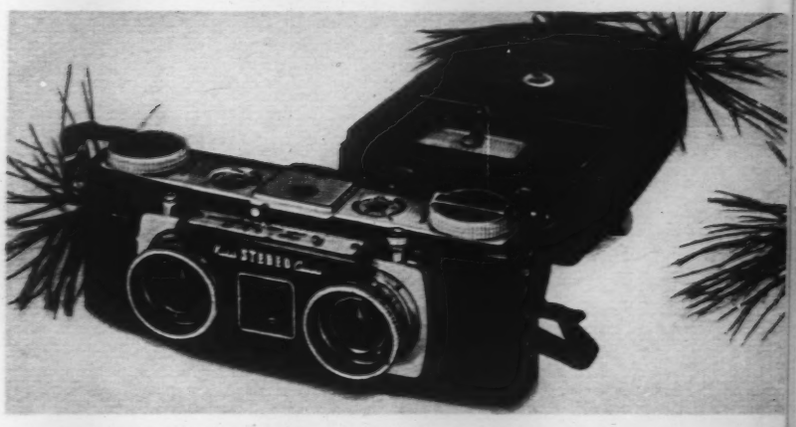

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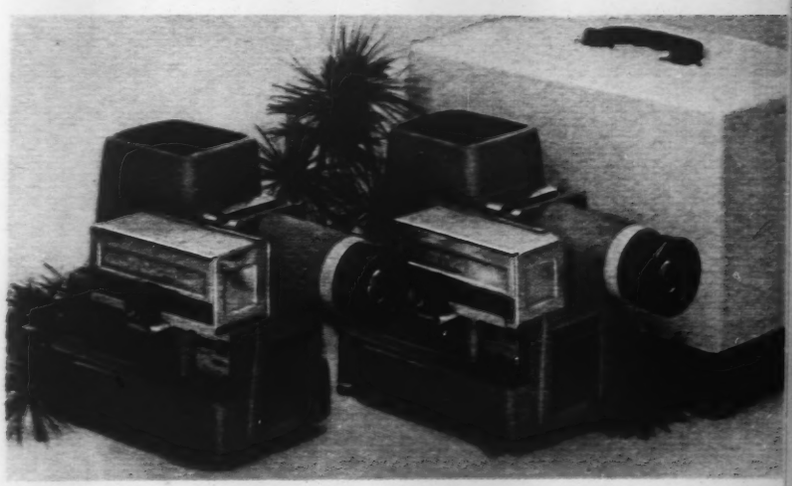

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The Self-Directed Artist

by Mary Lowrey Ross

If his demands are unusual, so is his extraordinary talent — and what seems eccentric to many people is simply a reasonable procedure to Gould himself.

PIANIST GLENN GOULD first attracted the interest of Canadian music lovers with his debut, at the age of fourteen, as concert soloist with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, but it wasn't until his appearance with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra in March, 1956, that he drew the startled attention of the press. The interest was accelerated at this time by his recording of the Goldberg Variations, which turned Bach into a best-selling record almost overnight. Shortly afterwards *Life* magazine devoted a four-page picture story to his "astonishing pianism" and "earnest eccentricities", placing considerably more emphasis on the eccentricities than on the pianism. Other magazines followed this lead and the publicity that resulted has helped to create a figure whose complex and interesting oddities include a talent for playing the piano.

No one follows these biographical revelations with livelier curiosity than Glenn Gould. He accepts the publicity cheerfully enough but finds it hard to understand the public interest in procedures that seem to him to be merely common sense.

If he gives his hands more than ordinary care — the prolonged soaking before performances, the gloves worn winter and summer, have been reportedly described — it is simply because he has to make extraordinary demands on them. It is true that he travels with a special chair, but this is because he has learned that there is less trouble involved in taking the right chair along than in trusting to luck on arrival. He doesn't travel with a special piano, since pianos are bad travellers and involve tedious negotiations with customs officials at the border. He has, however, very definite ideas about the type of piano action best suited to his needs and he is fairly insistent, while on tour, about having his ideas met.

He finds easygoing clothes best suited to a hard-working life and his preference is for soft-colored shirts (no tie), a wool pullover, slacks and moccasins that can easily be scuffed off when he gets down to work. He is prepared to make concessions when necessary — "I had my hair cut for my photograph," he pointed out, "well anyway, trimmed." But as far as possible he likes to correct, reduce or eliminate anything likely to interfere with activities that give him complete satisfaction.

Glenn Gould

A program so fantastically reasonable can easily be regarded as eccentric. Actually his demands, though exacting, are never erratic. The special chair is essential, since he sits four to five inches lower than the average pianist. Because his fingers are unusually long, he insists on specially deep keys, and he likes the black keys buffed to reduce glare and the danger of slipping when the keys become moist. The people who have to make these adjustments grumble occasionally, but most of them agree that the results justify the trouble. If the Gould demands run to unusual lengths, so does his astonishing talent.

His most widely noted idiosyncrasy is his habit of accompanying himself, more or less sotto voce, at the piano. Audiences find this distracting and even the polite Detroit Symphony audience was inclined to snicker when it realized that the buzzing that accompanied the Beethoven Fourth Concerto came from the young pianist. It was noticeable, however, that on this occasion the audience failed to contribute its own customary distraction of program rustling and throat clearing. Long before the Concerto was over, the performer was lost in the extraordinary performance. "I want to congratulate you," Director Paul Paray said later, "you have played Beethoven's music as Beethoven himself would have liked to have it played."

The habit of humming and foot-thumping causes a good deal of trouble to the sound engineers who make the Gould recordings. It is also a considerable source of worry to Glenn Gould, since he is even more acutely sensitive to sound than the engineers. When I told him I hadn't been able to detect extraneous sounds in the Goldberg Variations he shook his head. "They're there, all right," he said, "Listen again to Number 21."

He would like to control the disturbance, but finds this very difficult. Music has a transporting effect, and while his control over his piano is awe-inspiring, the piano itself seems to exercise its own irresistible control over Gould. His tendency is to "join in" with the complete self-obliviousness of a born artist or a Holy Roller. "He has to play with his whole body," Alberto Guerrero, his former teacher, pointed out. "He even listens to music with his whole body. You can actually watch him vibrating, even though he isn't conscious of it himself."

Glenn Gould received his first musical instruction from his mother, and the teaching began early. At the age when most children are content to thump on the piano, enraptured by noise, Glenn was already listening for sound and when he could barely reach the keyboard would press down the keys for the sheer pleasure of hearing the sound along the wires. He was reading music at the age of three — long before he had learned to read anything else — and by that time Mrs. Gould had discovered that he had perfect pitch and an extraordinary musical memory. She continued his training until he was eleven years old, when he enrolled in the Guerrero studio. He graduated from the Royal Conservatory of Music at the age of twelve, but continued under the Guerrero tuition till after his graduation from high school.

The education of a prodigy always presents special hazards and responsibilities. For the Gould parents, however, these were simplified to some extent, since he was always ready to make any major decisions for himself. The plan worked so well that even the high school went along with it, allowing him to do a good deal of work at home and at his own discretion. He graduated from high school but decided against entering a university, since he preferred to complete his education in his own way and on his own time. He has been doing so ever since, usually in sudden raiding excursions into reading that are likely to cover anything from Tolstoy and Thomas Mann to theories of aesthetics.

This self-directed program, he admits, has left a number of gaps, especially in his musical education. For instance, all the romantic Nineteenth Century composers — Tchaikowsky, Chopin, Liszt, etc. — are omitted from his repertoire. He prefers Bach, Beethoven, the baroque school of composition and a number of moderns, including Schönberg, Krenek and Berg. The omissions would be serious if he intended to make a lifelong career of concert work. He hopes, however, to leave the concert stage in a few years and devote himself entirely to composition.

"Every pianist is a frustrated composer," he pointed out, "and every composer is a frustrated pianist." He conducted for one of his own compositions at last summer's Stratford Festival.

He has been appearing on Canadian networks and channels ever since he was seventeen — he is now twenty-four — and he feels that he owes a great deal of his success to the CBC as well as to appreciative Canadian audiences. However, there is still some uneasiness among Canadian admirers, who feel disturbed at the disparity between Canadian and American recognition of his talent.

"According to competent critics there are no heights he might not scale," one Toronto paper editorialized. "Should we not, out of gratitude and pride, give Glenn Gould . . . the recognition, the attention and the audiences he deserves?"

Spurred by this prodding, the Toronto City Council held a meeting and out of gratitude and pride presented the prodigy with a gold watch. This didn't satisfy the music lovers, who were quick to point out that an artist who could give a flawless performance of a Beethoven Concerto with a world famous orchestra, rated about 10 per cent of the recognition awarded to a Lake Ontario marathon swimmer. These considerations don't bother Glenn Gould. He was delighted with his watch and went to considerable pains to compose a speech of acceptance. The speech was enthusiastically received by Council and press, but didn't reach the newspapers, which were fully occupied at the time with the Kelly-Rainier wedding.

In April of next year Gould will make his first concert tour abroad. He will play in Berlin and also in Russia, as the guest of the Soviet Government. This is the first time the Soviet has extended such an invitation to a Canadian artist and the trip promises to be unusually interesting for everyone concerned. Soviet audiences are known to prefer the Nineteenth Century romantic composers, and the Gould tour will probably provide them with an electrifying new experience. As for the visitor, the only impression he is likely to bring away from the Soviet are the ones he has been allowed to come upon for himself.

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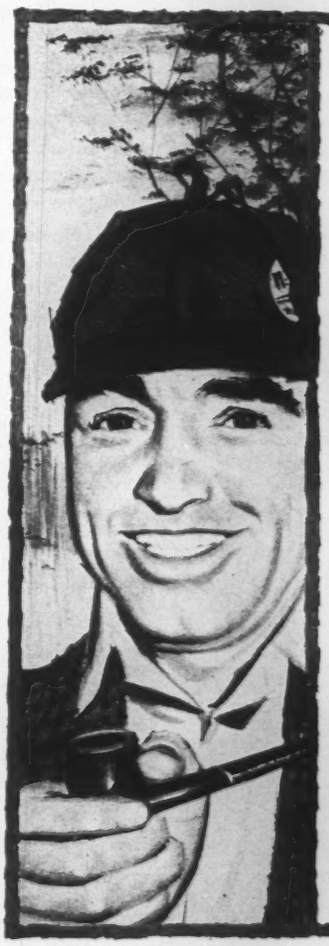

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Some Pre-Christmas Releases

by William Krehm

Carl Orff: Trionfo di Afrodite—The Bavarian Radio Orchestra and Chorus, Eugen Jochum conductor, with soloists. —*Decca DL 9826*

THIS IS THE final item of Carl Orff's trilogy that began with his celebrated *Carmina Burana*. In this unusual music, written to texts from Greek and Latin poets, Orff turns his back on many conventions of European music during recent centuries. It is elemental stuff that packs a wallop, and reminds us that the human voice can be used not only to court, to exult and to grieve, but to lay incantations (indeed, the root of the word is "song"). With its eery repetitiveness, its declamatory rhythms, its weird melodic leaps and dives, its use of the voice-box like an African drum, it casts a spell. And its florid vocal line modelled on Oriental *vocalises* is particularly apt for Aphrodite, who also came from the East. There are parts that show Orff's great debt to Igor Stravinsky, but on the whole he has struck out on a boldly original path. It could become very tedious if he were to found a school, but his own work is a refreshing experience which is sure to upset any cosy notions you may have of what music should be.

Performance and recording: excellent.

Stravinsky: Les Noces (The Wedding); Mass; Pater Noster; Ave Maria — The Netherlands Chamber Choir with soloists and instrumentalists under Felix de Nobel—*Epic LC 3231*

Stravinsky in this classic deals with the same theme of marriage as Orff in his *Trionfo di Afrodite*. But instead of drawing his references from classical authors, he gives us the barbaric revelry of a Russian village wedding. He achieves his ends by sheer rhythmic virtuosity, while the other ingredients of traditional music are whittled thin: four pianos and an elaborate percussion battery provide uniform sonorities throughout the work, and lyricism makes only an occasional intrusion in the vocal parts. But the rhythmic subtleties are endless. Rhythm, which in Europe had been jailed behind bars for three centuries, breaks out here in riotous liberty.

The other side of this record should explode the widely held view that no great religious music has been written in our age. His *Mass*, his *Pater Noster*, and his *Ave Maria* show Stravinsky to belong to the great line of religious composers—closer in spirit to Palestrina than to the 19th century composers who filled the churches with simpering ditties. The *Mass*, written in 1947, is of an imposing austerity: it restores the high vault to the Lord's heaven.

The other two works are earlier and more human. The beautiful sway and weave of unaccompanied voices in the *Ave Maria* is surely one of the loveliest bits of writing in religious musical literature.

Performance and sound good.

Vincent Persichetti: Symphony No. 4. Louis Gesensway: Four Squares of Philadelphia — The Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy. *Columbia ML 5108*

Gesensway is still remembered in Toronto as a gifted violinist who left to join the Philadelphia Orchestra some decades ago. His descriptive work on

Philadelphia's squares adds to the musical Baedecker that is already graced by Respighi's *Pines* and *Fountains of Rome*. William Penn's founding prayer and colonial street cries are woven into the musical texture. Gesensway has not sat in the midst of one of the world's great orchestras for so long without learning a great deal about the use of its resources, and the instrumentation of the work is striking and even original. Musically, it is deft and unpretentious—a mosaic of sparkling fragments, some semi-precious, others plain glass, with the cement joints just a little too evident to make a completely convincing whole.

The Persichetti number is from a pen that is fertile rather than original. Persichetti makes his nest from slips and straws borrowed here and there—Shostakovich and Stravinsky are prominent donors. However, there are also some brilliant tail-feathers. The performance presents the Philadelphia orchestra under optimum conditions — when it is called upon to deliver fireworks rather than profundities.

Performance and sound good.

Bartok: Fifth and Sixth Quartets—Vegh Quartet. *Angel 35242*

Music with a burden of melancholy, yearning and discovery that places it securely in a class with the last Beethoven quartets. The Vegh Quartet plays the works with a tremendous intensity and a complete immersion in their powerful idiom. A record that is all the more timely because it speaks the soul of a nation that is amazing the world with its heroism.

Sound excellent.

Brahms: Sonatas for Violin and Piano, Nos. 1 and 2—Leonid Kogan, violinist, and Andrei Mitnik. *Angel 35332*

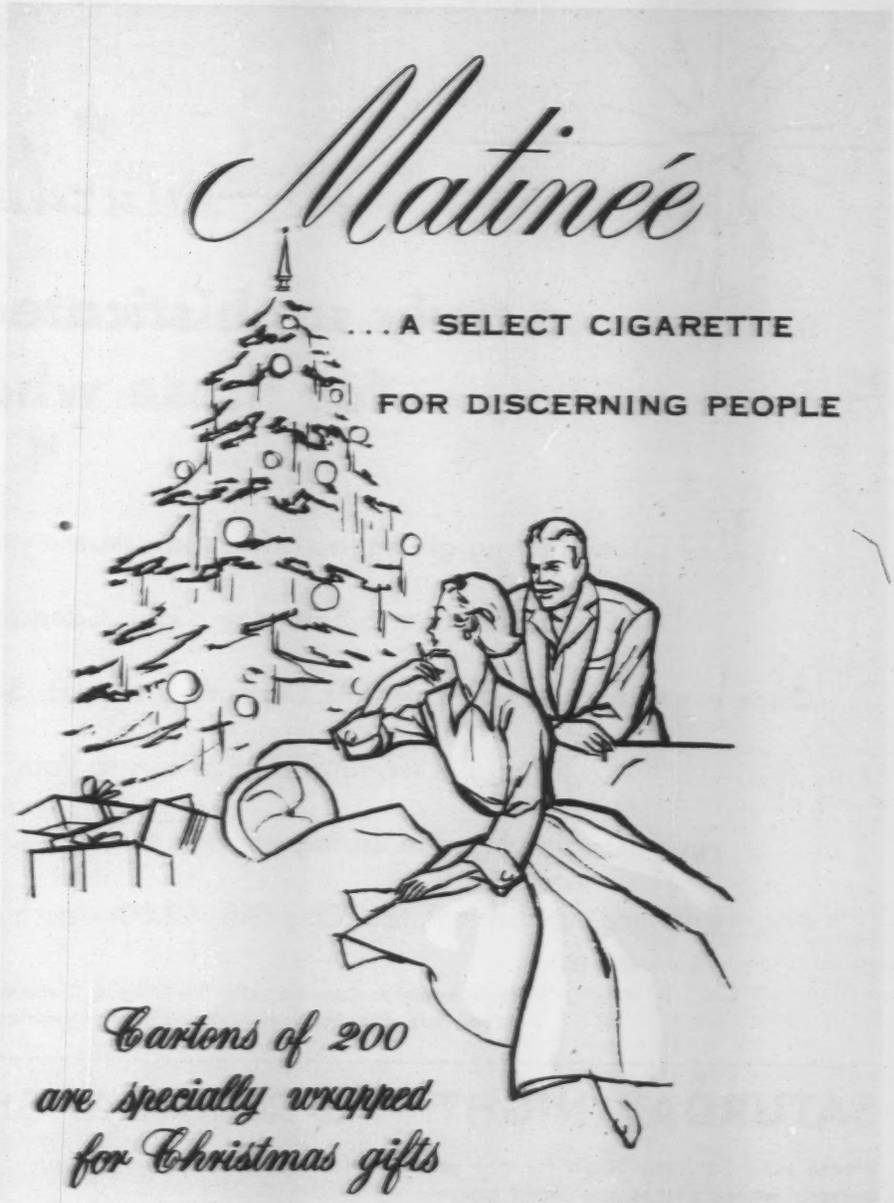
One of the bright constellation of Soviet fiddlers, turns in a youthfully exuberant performance, marked by a rich bloom of tone and some uncertain intonation. Tempos are on the break-neck side, and often there is commotion rather than real depth of emotion.

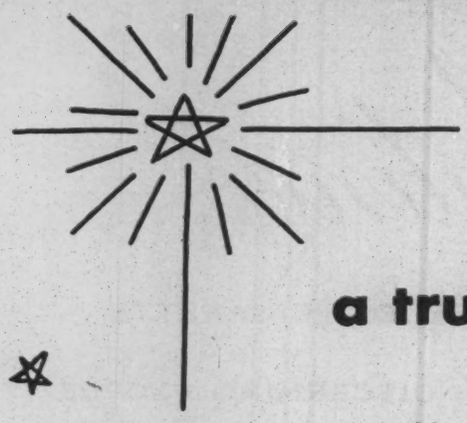
Sound good.

Bruch: Concerto in G Minor. Lalo: Symphonie Espagnole—Isaac Stern and the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy. *Columbia ML 5907*

The Bruch is as engaging a work as ever, offering broad, purple swathes of melodrama. Stern in this recording succumbs to the fiddler's besetting weakness for playing sharp. In the *Lalo* Stern's pitch is more on the beam, but his performance is short on convincing Spanish tang. Ormandy shows greater feeling for the style of the work than his soloist.

Sound good.





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Some High Spots in Greece

by Gertrude A. Langridge

THE ANCIENT Greek heroes would have made excellent real estate promoters. Agamemnon, Nestor, the Minoan kings in Crete, all knew how to choose hilltop sites for their palaces, temples and theatres—a dominating position with panoramic view of the valley below, fine air, sunshine and access to the sea.

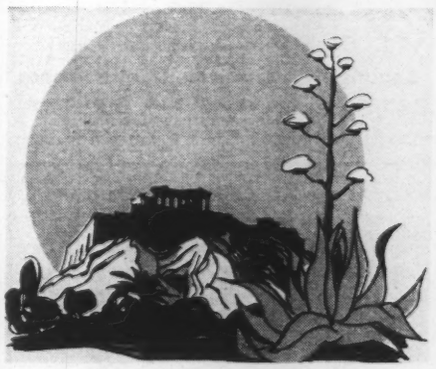
Agamemnon, King of Men, leader at the Siege of Troy, perched his fortress home high on a steep mountain side, his livingroom jutting out over the rocky ravine where Cassandra dashed to her death. Above this rises the narrow pass through which Orestes and Electra fled to the hills after murdering their mother, Clytemnestra, for her sins. The entrance to the palace lies below, a steep slope between the giant stones of the Lion Gateway. Here Agamemnon returned in triumph from Troy, crossing his wife's purple carpet to meet death on his wife's dagger in the bathroom.

I tried to imagine these grim deeds as we stood on the huge and glorious ruins that today look over a dun-coloured valley of olive groves, extending miles to the blue sea beyond, here and there a curtain of dark straight cypress trees to break the wind. It was from this lookout that the sentry kept watch ten years for the beacon fire to announce the fall of Troy.

Across the valley rises the companion fortress of Tiryns, encircled by great stone walls on a sharp butte. The surrounding flats are green with straight rows of tobacco plants, broken here and there by the yellow-brown strings of the leaves drying in the sun. Rice too grows on these fertile plains, three crops a year. I wondered what they grew in Agamemnon's day.

Gaiety of warm-hearted people . . .

On Crete, we strolled first round the pleasure palace of Knossos near the sea. Here the Minoan kings lived a spacious life 1500 years before Christ. They had sunny apartments and colonnades decorated with bright mural paintings, serviced with running water, bathrooms and plumbing. Rows of large, decorative pottery jars kept the basement larders well stocked for guests. Then the Cretan coach driver raced us across, up over, around the rough twists, turns and bends of the mountain road that leads to the fortress stronghold that defended this comfortable island life of old against the dangers of sea invasion from the south. There, on the windswept height of Phaestos, workmen were still busy unearthing the walls and passages of the town.



. . . views of ancient fortresses . . .

Already revealed to view and intact is the ancient theatre and circular floor where first the bullfight entertained the court. It was an athletic skill that makes the modern bullfight a puny sport by comparison. In the frescoes and carvings that have survived, buried deep in sand these many centuries, the Minoan sport is vividly depicted. The fighter stood in front and tormented the bull, then as the creature lowered its head, had to grasp it by the horns in both hands, do a double somersault first on to the bull's back, then again over the animal's tail.

Soft to our feet were the pebble pavements of the island of Rhodes. They use these almond-shaped pebbles, black and white, satin-finish, to pave the walks, the courtyards, even the churches in patterns of black leaf design on white or geometric lines of the two.

. . . friendly answers to questions.

At Lindos, the Greek temple to Athena and the later Byzantine fort stand high on the cliff edge, the water far below, blue and turbulent. At the foot of the hill there is the coolness of the very old Byzantine Church in use for eight centuries unbroken, walls richly decorated with Byzantine ikons and panels, votive offerings from sailors hanging in the form of silver ships, lamps, even an ostrich egg, the floor paved with a criss-cross of these same black and white pebbles, feeling like soft rush matting under the feet. Two young boys from the village were singing the sweet evening devotions along with the black-bearded, black-robed priest.

In Turkey the traveller can seek still more remains of Greek glory. Again we had a rough ride over mountain roads and on through the Meander Valley, then toiled on foot up the steep, rocky path to reach the isolated ruins of Priene on the hill side. Here in perfect outline are the parallel foundations of the Hellenistic town, rows of houses, temples, market place and council chambers, one of the first cities to plan in straight lines, the more remarkably so as the site is both steep and rugged. We looked down for miles to right and left over the wanderings of the Meander River through the bright green rice fields.

The Turkish journey was enlivened by passing camel trains loaded with bales of tobacco, the haughty creatures in single file led by a little donkey bearing a bright-capped camel driver. At noon, when a whole host of camels came to water at the village trough, the drivers eagerly pose for pictures. Not so the women, still wearing veil and baggy trousers in this remote spot. They dart with their children behind doors at the sight of the camera.

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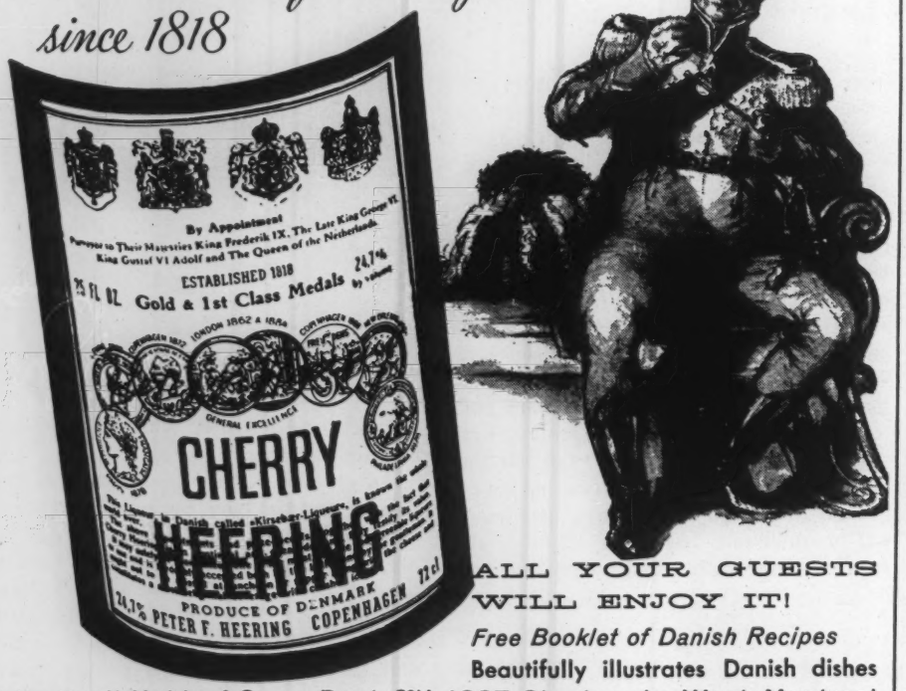

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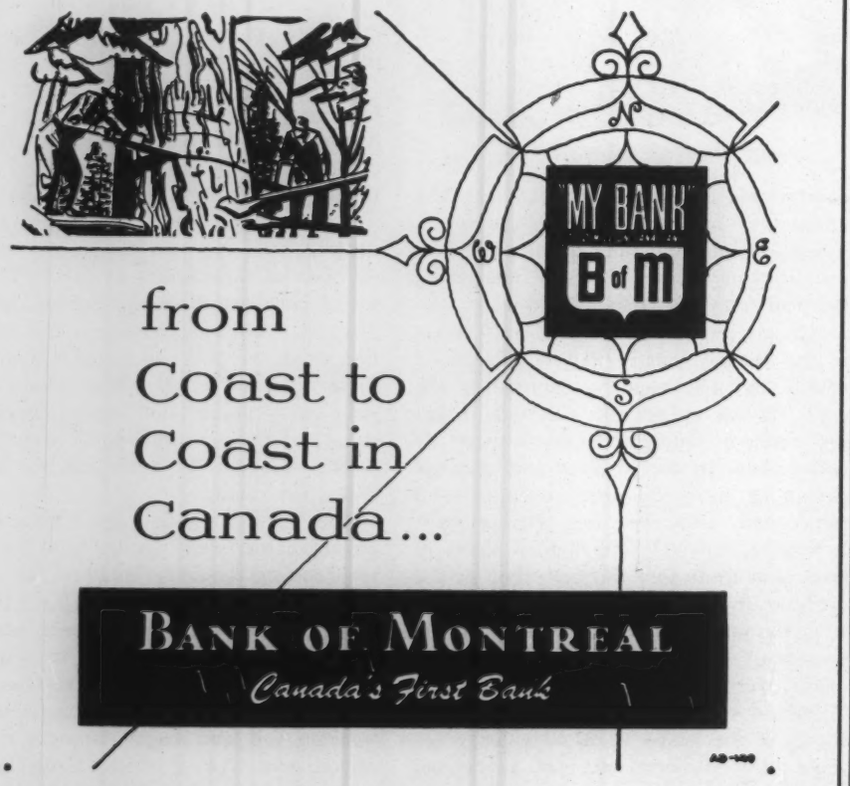


Delphi of the Oracle, a vast shrine in the dizzy heights of a wild mountain fastness. The circle of craggy peaks is often struck by the violence of thunder, lightning and sudden storms. In the hillside itself is a hole from which vapors rise at certain seasons. No wonder the ancients sought in this place some contact with the supernatural. They centred the shrine close to the gassy hole.

The ruins of Delphi reveal the magnificence of this vast sacred town where cities and pilgrims from all over the Greek world erected countless votive statues and sent contributions for fine temples, treasuries, market place, theatre, stadium for the sacred games and so on, all to proclaim their own glory and win a favorable answer from the gods. It is said that the oracle had a highly efficient intelligence service, agents who mingled casually with travellers on the long journey up to the Delphic shrine.

Paros in the Aegean is a dream island of dazzling white-washed houses in narrow twisting white-washed streets, with masses of purple bougainvillaea pouring over the upper balconies and flat roofs. There is a tiny square white-washed church at every turn, one for every saint of the year, and the vast ancient Church of the Hundred Doors, cloistered and white-washed, whose open bell towers rise above all else in the town.

Many are the vivid memories I carry of Greece—blue cloudless skies and unbelievably blue sparkling waters; gay, broad-beamed little boats that rode the waves sturdily as the handsome Greek seamen took us ashore from our ship's ladder; village houses piled up the rocky hillside from the blue sea; friendly women in black answering our halting questions and offering us the shade of their doorways for a brief rest from the burning sun or the hospitality of their homes for us to change for swimming; the great purple rectangles that break the green of the vine-covered hills, masses of tiny grapes drying into currants; in Crete three black-kerchiefed women on donkeys with scarlet saddles, carrying bunches of almond-scented pink oleander that they offered to us as a gesture of friendship, to wish us well, on our long journey; an ikon over the bus driver's seat with lighted candle, orange flowers and a pair of tiny white curtains; a man in a street cafe quietly smoking his hookah, that elaborate water pipe of the east; one small lad calling out EOKA; the scent of the little bunches of sweet basil that village girls often offered us shyly; a cluster of squat, square houses built of sandy sun-dried brick; and last of all as we were about to sail, a cheerful, loquacious Greek shopkeeper with American accent who sold me a pot of that special Greek honey, then poured out two glasses of Greek wine so that we could drink to a return to the land of Greece.

Dingley Dell & Commercial Hell

by Robertson Davies

IN AN ESSAY called *Mother,* Aldous Huxley writes: "Read Dickens' account of an old-fashioned Christmas in *The Pickwick Papers* and compare what happened at Dingley Dell to what the victims of the modern American Christmas are expected to do now. In Dickens' time, the Saviour's birthday was celebrated merely by over-eating and drunkenness. Except for the servants, nobody received a present. Today Christmas is a major factor in our capitalist economy. A season of mere good cheer has been converted, by the steady application of propaganda, into a long-drawn buying spree, in the course of which everyone is under compulsion to exchange gifts with everyone else." True. And am I one to withstand this vast pressure? I am not. So I present herewith something rather like a Christmas list. Out of at least three dozen books which clamour for mention in this limited space, I offer twelve which seem to me, for one reason or another, to be particularly suited for Christmas giving.

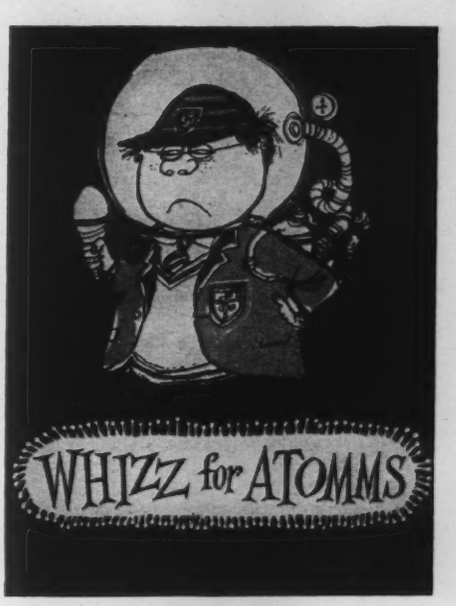
Huxley's own book, from which the above is taken, is *Adonis and the Alphabet* (Clarke, Irwin, $3.75), a collection of seventeen essays in his best vein. Of late the eunuch voice of criticism has been heard in England declaring that Huxley was never really highbrow, and is now sadly middle-brow; that he has been ruined by life in the States, and that he is repeating himself. Yes, he repeats himself, and will doubtless do so until more people show signs of hearing him. He has so much to say that he can repeat without boring. He is the one living writer in English of real stature who has recoiled from sceptical materialism and logical positivism without making a panicky dash for Rome or Canterbury. He calls his reader to a degree of self-awareness which will never be popular, but is endlessly alluring to curious minds.

He serves his mysticism with a rich boozy cultural sauce. He puts me in mind of the Clown in Twelfth Night who spoke of Pigrogromitus, and the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus, and of that old hermit of Prague, who very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That, that is, is". Indeed, this last piece of wisdom has a strong resemblance to what Mr. Huxley quotes from Meister Eckhart, from St. John of the Cross, and the nameless author of *The Cloud of Unknowing.* But it is a sauce which nobody else serves, and I think it grows better with time. Here is something for your brighter friends.

For a serious novel reader there is *The Flight* by Ruth Stephan (McClelland & Stewart, $4.50) which is a distinguished historical novel cast in the form of an autobiography of Christina of Sweden, telling of her life until the time of her abdication and retirement to Rome. For the less serious lover of novels there is *The Towers of Trebizond* by Rose Macaulay (Collins, $3), a brilliantly witty account of travels in Turkey undertaken by the strangest Anglican mission ever heard of, under the spiritual guidance of a spikey parson called Father Chantry-Pigg. It is light as a feather, endlessly amusing, but by no means without content; indeed, only a truly serious mind could conceive of such a delightful comic invention.

The greedy buyer will find the ideal present for the greedy reader in *The Russell Reader* (British Books, $5), which is a volume containing Kingsley Amis' controversial *Lucky Jim,* a wonderful fantasy by Mary Norton called *The Borrowers,* a first-class psychological thriller called *The Second Curtain* by Roy Fuller, *Madame De* by Louise de Vilmorin—a fine example of the modern French short novel—*Scott-King's Modern Europe* by Evelyn Waugh, which is as fresh today as it was when it first appeared in 1946, and *Flush,* Virginia Woolf's biography of the Browning's spaniel. These books have been gathered together by Leonard Russell, the literary editor of the *Sunday Times,* because he thinks that they have not received the attention they deserve (though this is certainly not true of Amis) and that they would please discriminating readers. This book is really a remarkable bargain, and there is not a dull page in the 584 which comprise it.

Jacket Design



Jacket Design

People are always wanting me to recommend a *funny* book to them; by this they mean a book which could never, by any mishap, betray them into thought and yet will make them laugh. Very well, let them get *Whizz For Atomms* by Geoffrey Willans and Ronald Searle (Clarke, Irwin, $1.90); it is not quite so good as the two earlier works of Nigel Molesworth, but it is *funny.* I guarantee it. (If you wish to cash in on the guarantee, write to Santa Claus, not me.)

Quite the best Canadian non-fiction book of the year is *I Brought The Ages Home* by C. T. Currelly of the Royal Ontario Museum, (Ryerson, $6). This is a model autobiography; it begins in fine anecdotal style, and sweeps along, brilliantly and engagingly, for 305 pages, and then stops with a bang. It is a splendid story of adventure, coincidence, expertise, faith and courage. I have read several books by museum directors, but never one in this class. No Christmas tree should be without a copy, and it is, furthermore, the ideal book to send to non-Canadian friends, for it will give them a splendid notion of the kind of people we are.

As a biography and history, I recommend *The Caliph of Fonthill* by H. A. N. Brockman (Ambassador, $4.75),

New Gift Books

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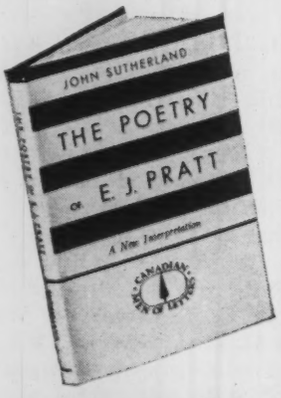

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Three other picture books are at hand, all very good. *European Paintings in Canadian Collections,* compiled by R. H. Hubbard of the National Gallery (Oxford, $7.50) is as good as it can be with so little color reproduction; it is an admirable guide to a surprisingly rich field. *Sam Slick In Pictures* (Ryerson, $4) is C. W. Jefferys' illustrations for Haliburton brought together in a single excellent volume. *The International Photography Year Book* for 1957 (Macmillan, $5.95) is better arranged and the prints are better chosen than is usual, even with this good year book, and the volume will make photographers very happy, for it contains details of how each picture was taken. There is a lot of photography committed in Canada, and most of it ought to be better; giving this book at Christmas should help.

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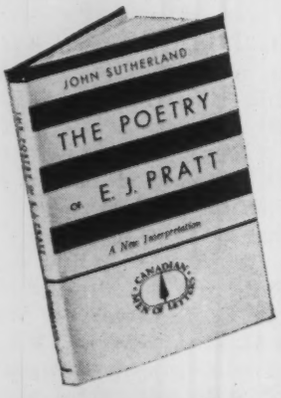

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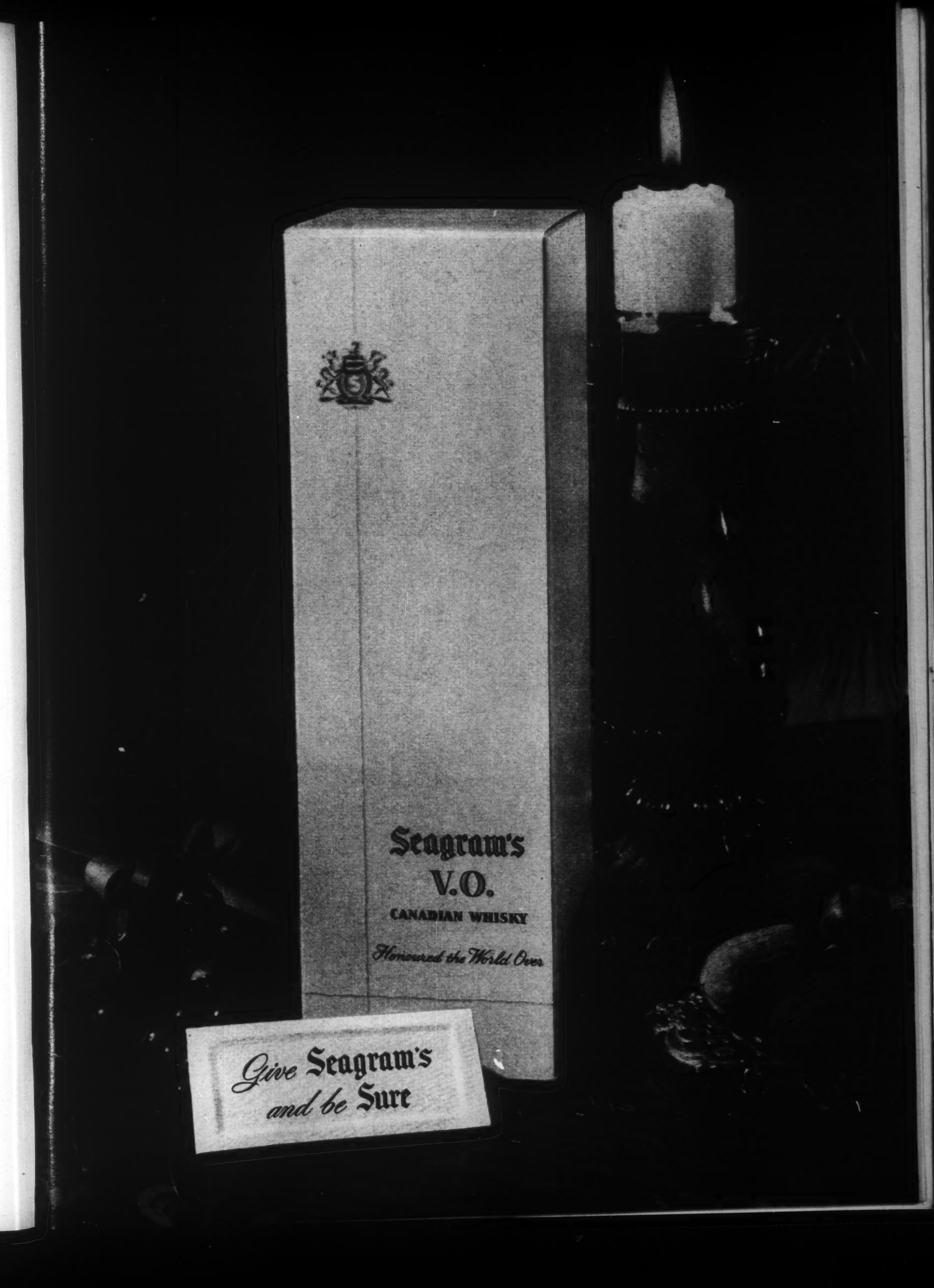
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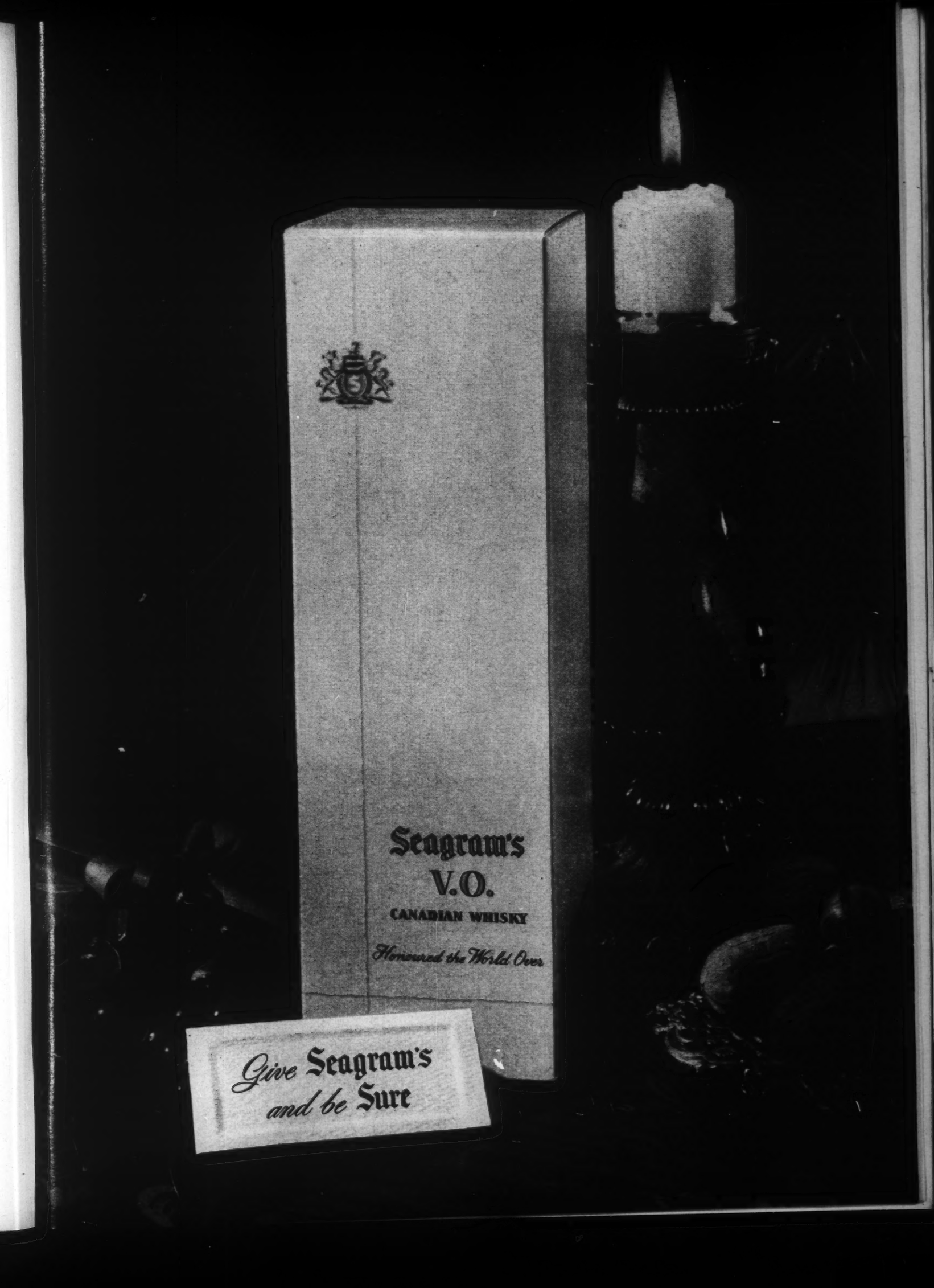
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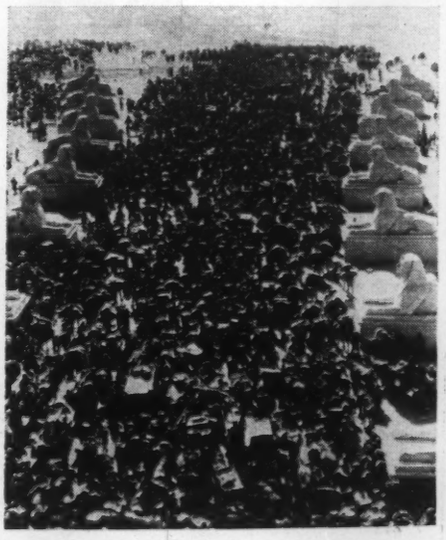
Hollywood and Holy Writ

by Mary Lowrey Ross

CHRONOLOGICALLY, *The Ten Commandments* runs for three hours and thirty-nine minutes, but long before it is over you may get the feeling that you have been wandering for about forty years in Cecil B. de Mille's wilderness. Like the Israelites the production goes on and on, with miracle succeeding miracle and the Promised Land nowhere in sight.

A good deal of the trouble here seems to lie in Producer de Mille's assumption that anything Jehovah of the Old Testament can do he can do too, with considerably more detail and spectacle. This is a mistake. The original division of the Red Sea must have involved a lot more than the operation of wind machines and concealed plumbing, and the problem of getting the Children of Israel across undoubtedly went far beyond Mr. de Mille's simple logistics. Besides, people have been taking a good look at the Middle Eastern maps lately, and it is pretty generally known that that stupendous passage couldn't be crowded into one operation, even in CinemaScope. At best Mr. de Mille's Israelites seem to be crossing the Suez Canal.

Then there is the matter of the bush that burned and was not consumed. The de Mille bush can't be consumed because it is indirectly lighted, like a Christmas tree, and the Voice that issues from it is a Santa Claus voice, very rich and bland. After that it wasn't surprising to have the Finger of God revealed as a rapidly revolving sign, electrically operated, that whizzes ten times about the peaks of Sinai.



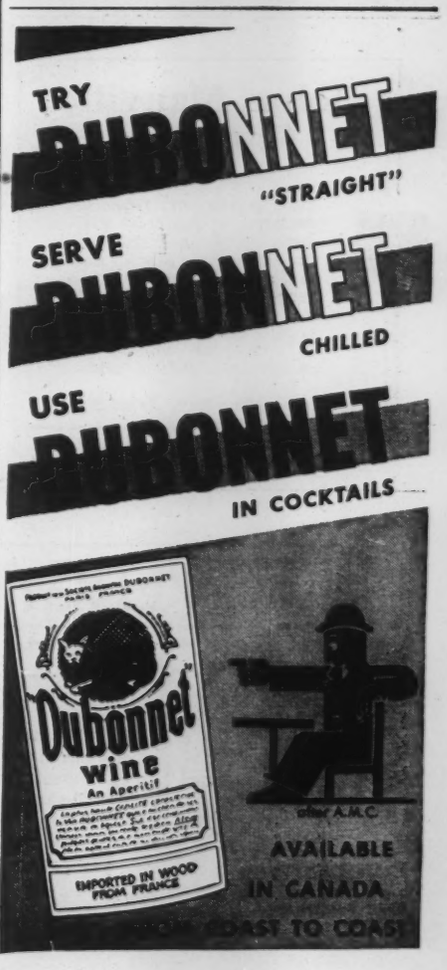
Film Israelites: Across the Suez?

Charlton Heston: Only a scowl.

Did Producer de Mille really expect to induce a state of mass religiosity with these staggering artifacts? It's hard to say, since the de Mille mind seems almost as mysterious in many ways as the mind of the Prophet Moses. Like the Prophet, however, he has always had a remarkable talent for mass leadership, so he probably knew what he was doing and will have his $13½ million outlay back in his pocket in no time, along with a handsome surplus.

The cast, a costly one, includes Charlton Heston, Anne Baxter, Yul Brynner, Edward G. Robinson, Judith Anderson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Vincent Price and Yvonne de Carlo. The prophet role is played by Charlton Heston, who occasionally allows his handsome arrangement of features to be disturbed by a scowl, but doesn't go much further by way of characterization. The rest do very little better, which isn't surprising since the script leaves them little choice between outright hamming and the rigid compliance of figures on a float.

Lust for Life, screen version of a Van Gogh biography, is an extraordinary film on many counts. It is beautiful, it is exciting and it is the first film in the history of Hollywood biography to set an artist's work in relation to his life and world and give the work its rightful place. The story doesn't attempt to clarify the disorder that led to the artist's self-mutilation and eventually to his



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George Baker and Belinda Lee.

death, and the absence of any critical analysis is, if anything, an advantage. The emphasis falls almost entirely on the Van Gogh painting and the real excitement of the film lies in the skilful juxtaposition of Van Gogh's inner and outer worlds, as the scenes of his daily life alternate with his artist's vision of the landscape about him.

Kirk Douglas, looking uncannily like Van Gogh's red-bearded self-portrait, plays the central role and is remarkably effective in presenting the alternating desolations and ecstacies of spirit which account for the intensity and even the quality of light in Van Gogh's work. There is a harsh and brilliant performance as well by Anthony Quinn, who plays the artist Paul Gauguin.

The Lamp is Heavy transfers the Canadian setting of the original story to an English hospital and in the process loses a good deal of its native authenticity. Since this is a story of nurses in training, it naturally stresses the more feminine side of hospital life, but even so it is hard to believe that there are hospitals anywhere where the girls in training are so ardently girlish as they are here, or the resident doctors so irresistibly boyish, or the hospital matrons so filled with matronly tact. The personnel includes Belinda Lee, George Baker, Adrienne Corri and Diana Wynyard. They look more like a cast than a staff.

Judy Holliday has replaced Josephine Hull as the small stockholder with the big nuisance value, in the screen version of *The Solid Gold Cadillac*. However, Comedienne Holliday has a talent for making any vehicle her very own, and the screen Cadillac rolls along as smoothly as though it had been newly put together for a special customer. Miss Holliday is perfectly at home in the chromium jungle of big business and it is a pleasure to watch her go to work on the crooked executives who get in her way. Paul Douglas is on hand as the manufacturer whom the busy small shareholder takes over along with the business, and he is very funny too.

Johns-Manville Corporation

DIVIDEND

JM

The Board of Directors declared a quarterly dividend of 50c per share on the Common Stock, and, in addition thereto, a year-end dividend of 25c on the Common Stock, both payable December 14, 1956 to holders of record December 3, 1956.

Roger Hackney, Treasurer

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Gravediggers for Sir Anthony

by John A. Stevenson

THE ST. LAURENT MINISTRY may have dug the political grave of Sir Anthony Eden, the British Prime Minister. It had good reason to feel deeply aggrieved over the failure of the Eden Ministry to consult it before joining the French in armed intervention in Egypt.

The failure was a serious breach of an understanding ratified repeatedly at conferences, that no partner in the Commonwealth should make any important move in the international arena without consulting the others; and it made a mockery of Sir Anthony's fervent professions during his last visit to Ottawa that the preservation of the solidarity of the Commonwealth was the cause dearest to his heart.

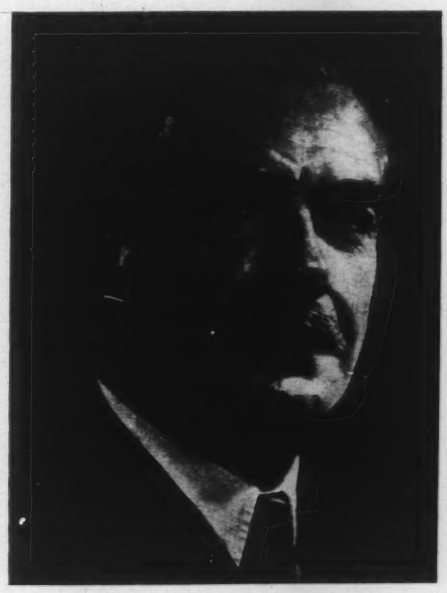
Our Government, under the guidance of Mr. Pearson, has always set great store upon the sanctity of obligations undertaken by the signatories of the covenant of the UN to settle international disputes by peaceful methods. It was outraged by the repudiation of these obligations by Britain and France, because it felt that their action revived international anarchy and gave the Russians encouragement for their harsh maltreatment of Hungary. It was also disturbed by the breach in Anglo-American harmony and was fearful that India and other Asian members of the Commonwealth, convinced that Britain had not abandoned imperialism, would secede.

Most of our present Ministers take a rather dim view of Sir Anthony's abilities as a statesman and regard both Mr. Butler and Mr. Macmillan as wiser and safer counsellors. Their strong disapproval of Sir Anthony's adventure in Egypt seems to have added to the disquietude of many of his followers. Recent issues of the London *Times* reveal considerable Tory disapproval of Eden's policy, which could only have been justified by immediate success. And now there is no prospect of the Suez Canal being reopened for several months and the cutting of an important pipe line in Syria has caused oil to be rationed in Britain and other countries.

Most British Tories still believe that the solidarity of the Commonwealth is their country's lifeline. To many of them, it must be a black mark against their leader that he pursued a policy which earned the firm condemnation of Canada and drove her closer to the United States. No British Prime Minister in recent years has been the target for such bitter attacks by the independent weeklies of Britain as Sir Anthony has. The breakdown in his health may well be the prelude to the resignation which the *Observer* has openly demanded.

The contest for the leadership of the Progressive Conservative party is, even if George Nowlan decides to stand, clearly between three aspirants—John Diefenbaker, Donald Fleming and Davie Fulton. All three are busy mobilizing the support of delegates for next week's convention.

At the moment, experienced observers in Ottawa think that Mr. Diefenbaker has



Eden: Resignation demanded.

a decisive lead over his rivals. His supporters claim that he has the backing of 40 out of the 53 present Tory members of Parliament.

Mr. Diefenbaker, who has been in Parliament since 1940, enjoys great personal prestige as a vote-getter because of his remarkable feat in winning seats in four successive elections in Saskatchewan, where his party's strength is negligible. He has been such an indefatigable addresser of public meetings that his name and personality are better known to the Canadian public than those of either Mr. Fleming or Mr. Fulton. Furthermore, he has been a persistent critic of the usurpation of the rights of Parliament by Liberal Cabinets and an assiduous advocate of a Bill of Rights for the protection of fundamental liberties. His supporters contend that his championship of these good causes will win many independent and even Liberal votes.

On the other hand, at Ottawa he has the reputation of being a lone wolf, and not an easy political bedfellow. His relations with Mr. Drew were at the best always cool. While there was general admiration in his party for his talents as a parliamentary debater, reliance could not always be placed upon the availability of these gifts when they were needed. His critics have complained that time and again, when he had intimated that he would open or take part in debate, he would suddenly excuse himself on the ground that he had a pressing engagement to plead a law case or address a meeting somewhere in the West. An incapacity for harmonious co-operation with associates is a serious disqualification for political leadership.

Mr. Diefenbaker also belongs to the left wing of his party, and his selection would arouse no enthusiasm among the financial angels of the party in the East, who supply most of its campaign funds.

Mr. Fleming at 51 is not yet in the "aged" class and during his ten years at Ottawa he has become the most aggressive debater in Progressive Conservative ranks. He lacks neither industry nor courage and, if there is sometimes too waspish a tone in his utterances, he has a capacity for marshalling his arguments in logical sequence. An enlightened captain of industry in Toronto (now dead), although a strong Liberal, made a habit of contributing to the campaign chest of members he thought should be kept in Parliament, regardless of their party affiliations; he rated Mr. Fleming a good enough representative of his city to make him one of his beneficiaries at elections. Mr. Fleming can also speak French, and he is credited with having the firm assurance of the support of many delegates from Quebec. He belongs to the right wing of his party. It is a great disadvantage for him that he hails from Toronto, because there is a widespread feeling among his party that in recent years a clique of wealthy Toronto Tories with reactionary views have had too much say in the shaping of its policies.

Mr. Fulton was cradled in politics in which a number of close relatives achieved distinction. He has at the age of 40 the great asset of youth. Since he entered Parliament in 1945, he has grown steadily in political stature and his valiant part in the pipeline tussle firmly established his reputation as one of his party's most formidable debaters and its best authority upon the rules and procedure of Parliament. He can think on his feet, has a flair for quick repartee and a sense of humor with which neither of his rivals is richly endowed. He stands about the centre of his party, and, while he is no flaming crusader for drastic reforms, is no "diehard" Tory.

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Healing Touch on the Bench

by Hugh Thomson

WHEN 1956 rounds to a close, John Grudeff, one of three judges of the family court of Metropolitan Toronto, will have served for four years as arbiter of domestic disputes and family breakdowns. Few know about him and his work, because the 3,000 cases tried in the court each year are conducted in complete privacy.

Apart from the litigants, usually fairly young husbands and wives, the judge only allows into the closed hearings a court stenographer to take the evidence down in shorthand and court officers whose job it is to investigate each case and the disputing parties. Judge Grudeff invited me to attend a day's sessions which he described as "fairly representative" of the thousands he hears each year on a packed schedule, five days a week. Earlier he had given me his observations on family feuding, its causes, effects and possible cures.

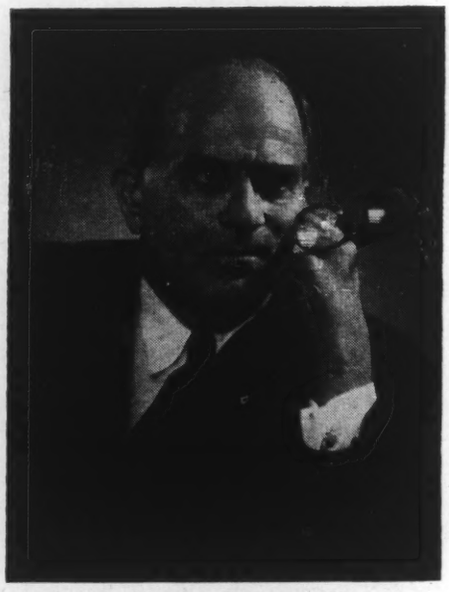
Curiously, he never knew a family and family life as a child, this judge who advises and directs families who are getting into difficulties.

The present family and juvenile courts of Greater Toronto are buried in the basement of the city's Land Titles building; but, by 1957, they will move to new, more commodious surroundings in the lower reaches of Jarvis Street, long considered Toronto's red-light district, where police constables walk the beat in pairs at night.

Out of his 30 years as a barrister, three as police magistrate and four as family-court judge, John Grudeff has formulated one leading principle which, he admits, colors his philosophy of the family, especially that of young husbands and wives, whose problems form the bulk of his court's business.

It is his "firm belief this is a woman's world, and women play a far greater part in society than is popularly supposed." He affirms that, "generally speaking whenever a woman makes up her mind to get a man, he is no longer a free agent, and she literally hooks the defenceless male." John Grudeff is anything but a cynic, but feels "in the scheme of things, women wield hypnotic powers over men, for good or ill, during courtship, and they should pick their males with all the power of their intuitions and common sense. If they catch an incompatible mate, they may have only themselves to blame in the end."

He uses a graphic, if none too flattering, illustration of man and woman during that all-important period of courtship: "You are taking a stroll in the country and the road borders swampy ground," he suggests. "Suddenly you catch sight of a frog standing perfectly motionless, as though glued to a log. You toss a stone near it, even prod it gently, but it doesn't budge. Why? A snake is nearby. Now, the frog is a man, for whom the woman has set her cap, as the expression goes."



Judge John Grudeff

He told me he once addressed a gathering of women lawyers and gave this doctrine of his and analogy from the swamp. He invited his listeners to speak to him afterward if they disagreed. "No one did," he said.

These may sound like the observations of a cynical, case-hardened judge, but John Grudeff is the very antithesis of that. He is a rare combination of practical man of affairs, poet and idealist. He has a voracious appetite for English literature, especially poetry and spouts it with relish at every opportunity. In fact, he frequently recites poetry in his courtroom. Warring husbands and wives have on occasion broken down at these points and become reconciled.

"They are usually all tensed up in court," he explained, "and simple words of great truth and beauty applicable to their case sometimes hit home. You'd be surprised. I have had many shake my hand afterward and go away happy. I have heard from some of them later and cherish their letters of gratitude."

He knows he may be called sentimental by some, but feels the business of his

court is "dealing with the tenderest of human emotions, married and parental love, and the objective, judicially detached viewpoint from the family bench would be as wide of the mark as that of the out-and-out sentimentalist."

Most of the cases that come before him are deserting husbands or fathers failing to pay separation allowance into the court. If they fail to appear in answer to the charge, bench-warrants are issued for their arrest.

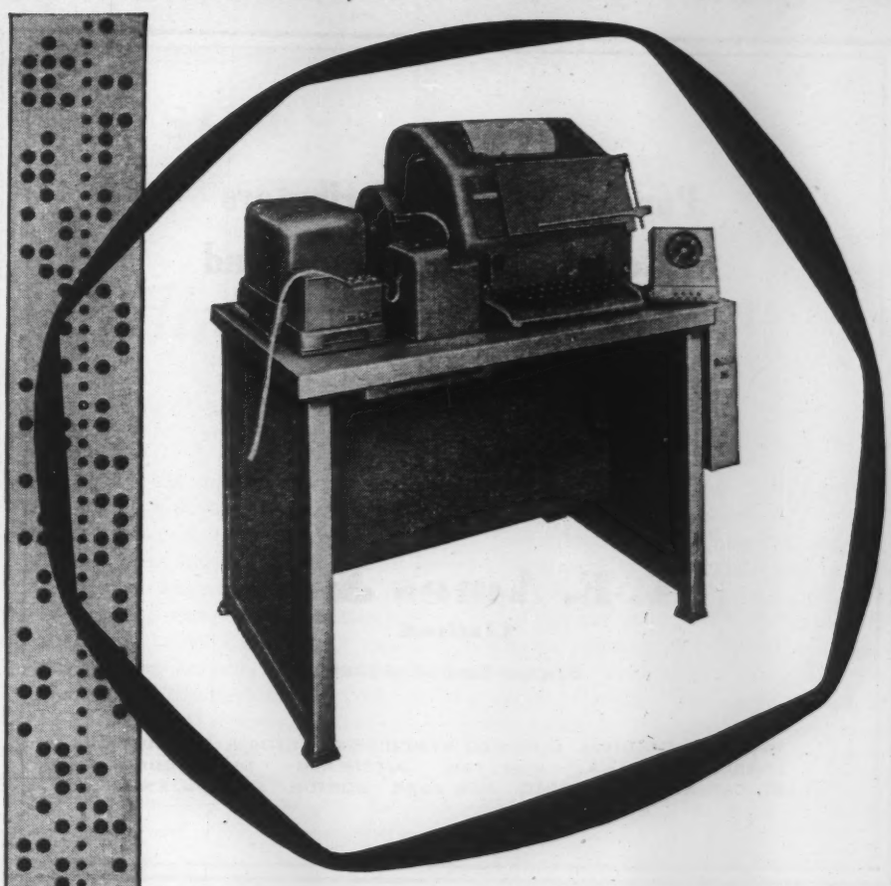
No matter how utterly estranged a couple may appear in his courtroom, John Grudeff attempts to the bitter end of the hearing to bring about a reconciliation. He will praise the looks of the wife and ask the husband if he doesn't agree. "They always do," he reports. "Every man thinks his wife is good-looking, even if he is temporarily mad at her and they have parted."

If children happen to be sitting at the back of the court, he will point to them and ask the husband if he has ever seen finer looking youngsters anywhere. "This point, too, is never disputed," he said. "Each father feels he has produced good-looking children, even though he may be a shiftless type, and doesn't feel his responsibility to them as a father too strongly. The trouble with most squabbling husbands and wives is they are self-centred in their emotional upset." He frequently tells a father who has walked out of his home, "to think for a moment of Christmas, when there are gifts for the kiddies and they hug and kiss you for giving them."

"Is this sentimental?" he asked. "I usually wipe my eyes and offer a little prayer under my breath. It is amazing how close one feels to Him at such times. I know from experience God is love."

Most of the proceedings in the dingy little courtroom, whose window faces a parking strip, are touching, deeply touching. Sometimes they are exasperating because you feel all either party needs is a good spanking for acting so childishly. But once in a while a bit of humor lightens the business. One case I heard involved a separated husband, whose chief complaint against his wife was that she kept going through his pockets at night and relieving them of ready cash. The aggrieved husband's face was flushed with indignation. Judge Grudeff heard him out patiently, then leaned forward and told him confidentially: "My wife does the same thing. Most wives do. It's simply their taking ways." Then he laughed. The wife began to laugh, then finally the husband, and they walked out of court holding hands.

Judge Grudeff is the soul of kindness, but one man who makes him see red is the wife-beater. The atmosphere in the courtroom is charged with severity when one of these bullies stands before him. When he was a police magistrate he gave a particularly vicious and incorrigible wife-beater two years and five strokes of the flat-strap.



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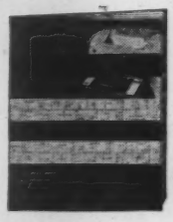

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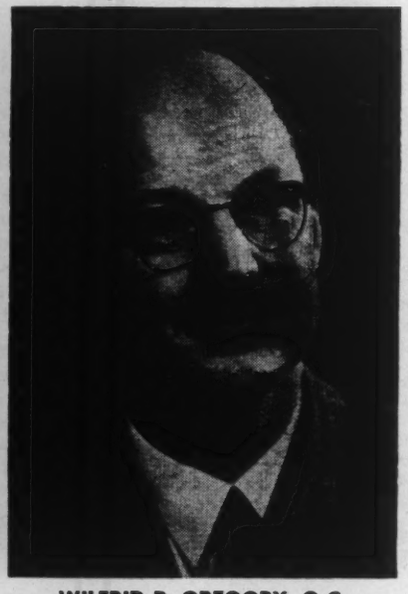

WILFRID P. GREGORY, Q.C.

Mr. W. H. Gregory, President and Managing Director of The British Mortgage and Trust Corporation of Ontario, Stratford, has announced his retirement as Managing Director to be effective January 1st, 1957. He will continue to act as President.

The Board of Directors has appointed Mr. Wilfrid P. Gregory, Q.C. to be managing Director of the Corporation from the above date. He is the senior partner in the Stratford legal firm of Gregory, Anderson, Ehgoetz and Bell and is at present Mayor of the City of Stratford. He has been a Director of the Corporation since 1949; is a Director and Vice-president of American-Marsh Pumps (Canada) Limited and Kist Canada Limited; a Director and Secretary of Fischer Bearings Manufacturing Limited and Fram Canada Limited and a Governor of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival Foundation. Mr. Wilfrid P. Gregory, Q.C. is a son of Mr. W. H. Gregory. *

The case went to the court of appeal for reduction of sentence but to no avail.

John Grudeff is Bulgarian by birth. He still speaks with a slight accent, but if you didn't know it, you could mistake it for a Scottish brogue. His mother died when he was four and his father was fatally wounded shortly after during a Turkish insurrection in Macedonia. He can remember, young as he was, hiding in the bush with other Bulgarian refugees during those turbulent times in the Balkans after the turn of the century. He was raised in a mission school at Salonika in Macedonia.

As a youth sprouting his first beard, he had a strong yearning to come to Canada, in particular to Toronto where friends of his people had settled and, from all reports, were doing well for themselves.

The teacher in charge of agriculture at the mission school took a shine to the boy and loaned him $25. With it, young John sailed to New York, steerage, in a tramp steamer. When it docked he made for the Bulgarian community and was given food and shelter. He tried to cross into Canada three times but to no avail. He had lost his identification papers and was truly a displaced person.

Finally he took an excursion trip across Lake Ontario. He was questioned when he got off on the Canadian side, ostensibly to see the sights. He spoke broken English and showed the officials his return ticket. They let him through and he made straight for Toronto and the family friends. He was permitted to stay. He still has that return-ticket—his passport to Canada!

He eventually repaid the agriculture master in the mission school. During the first winter he worked as a railroad hand when the Canadian Northern Railway was being built. The following spring he came back to Toronto determined to get a good education. He took every job he could get and felt strong enough to undertake. He had taken a good many high school subjects back in Macedonia; now he got his full matriculation in one year, this while he was still trying to master the complexities of English, which he has come to love for its rich literature.

He taught Bulgarian and Macedonian immigrants school subjects, the mandolin and violin, and there wasn't a drudge job he didn't undertake; but he managed to work his way through university and law school.

He may have been deprived of family life as a child but he, his wife and two daughters, Marion, a concert pianist, and Lillian, an aspiring stage and television actress, are a closely knit group.

To Judge Grudeff "the home is the heart and soul of the democratic way of life" and he, the orphan immigrant who bettered himself the hard way, is dedicated to the task of spreading that gospel to the thousands of unhappy families who pass through the family court of Metropolitan Toronto, year after year.

Canada's Startling Import Picture

by C. M. Short

THE IMPORT trade of the Free World this year will aggregate about $90 billion, slightly above that of 1955. The increase in this area of more than a hundred countries outside the Communist bloc is accounted for partly by a slight rise in prices.

Canada's imports will be over $5.5 billion, nearly one billion dollars greater in value than those of last year and at least one quarter larger in volume. It is a rather startling fact that this country has been able to take and pay for such additional materials and goods of other countries, and to expand its imports in 1956 above those of Japan, France and Italy who are more dependent upon the rest of the world for most of their raw materials and have much larger populations to support than has Canada. Perhaps even more impressive is the comparison of Canada's imports with those of Britain and the United States, the world's leaders in international trade.

The accompanying table (based on statistics provided by the International Monetary Fund, Washington, in comparable terms of United States dollars) substantiates the foregoing comparisons and also sets out the estimated imports of the other major importers in the Free World. The table also reveals that Canada will in 1956, as in most post-war years, be the leading importer on a per capita basis, with imports of about $340 per person, an increase of 10 per cent over the previous high in 1954. Total imports were swelled to some extent by forward buying early this year of more than normal proportions in anticipation of higher prices and material shortages such as developed in steel.

It is customary to attribute Canada's increased imports and resultant deficit on general merchandise trade to economic strength, particularly that derived from her vast development program. It is also usual to stress the deficit in trade with United States and to point to the fact that Canada needs exceptionally large quantities of American equipment to implement this program.

These analyses, while correct as far as they go, do not afford a complete explanation of the unbalanced export-import trade of Canada. In the first place, practically all countries with whom Canada trades have found a larger market in this country. Moreover, all main commodity groups shown in Canadian trade reports contributed to the rise in the overall value of imports, not only because of the greater requirements of construction and industrial equipment but, also, of imports of foodstuffs and forest products in such larger quantities as to increase the value of these to several hundred million dollars. Yet Canada's agricultural and wood resources are among the most extensive in the entire world.

Leading Importers

Estimated Imports in U.S. Dollars

(000,000's omitted)

Country	1955	1956	Per Capita Imports 1956
Canada	$ 4,800	$ 5,600	$340
Belgium	2,850	3,050	331
Norway	1,099	1,250	330
New Zealand	804	700	333
Switzerland	1,489	1,600	320
Denmark	1,173	1,250	278
Holland	3,208	3,500	318
Sweden	1,990	2,150	290
Britain	10,880	11,000	211
Australia	2,160	2,050	225
France	4,680	5,500	127
West Germany	5,790	6,200	120
United States	12,360	13,500	81
Italy	2,700	3,050	63
Japan	2,470	3,020	63

The greater part of the higher imports of this year will be paid for by larger exports, nearly $5 billion, in practically all directions, with the United States affording the best market for woodpulp, newsprint and various minerals such as iron ore and petroleum, as well as nickel, zinc and aluminum.

The rate of increase in total exports, however, will not be more than half that in imports. Indeed, this failure of exporting capacity to rise in line with that of imports has been characteristic of Canada's external trade over the last decade notwithstanding the phenomenal development of natural resources and many secondary industries.

One reason for this failure is the concentration on raw materials with a consequent lack of flexibility in export trade and the lower price levels for crude products in relation to finished materials. But another reason is that rising consumer prices in Canada have continued to attract goods to this country from lower cost areas, the mass production industrial sections of the United States and the comparatively low wage areas of Europe and Asia.

Part of the trade deficit has been met by new American investments in Canada, probably exceeding $300 million, and by security flotations in the United States, thus preventing any marked drain on Canada's reserves of gold and American dollars. But there will be a record deficit with the United States when all transactions, trade and financial (including dividends, interest payments, freight charges, etc.) due Canada's southern neighbor are accounted for.

Credit restrictions now being effectively applied in Canada should lessen this country's needs for foreign materials and consumer goods, but most countries selling these goods here have established themselves quite firmly in the domestic market and would find it even more attractive if the Canadian price level were to rise further. In such circumstances, secondary industries in Canada would find the competition even more severe than in recent years unless they could cut their costs, provide more variety of goods and improve their distribution and service methods. Labor co-operation would, of course, be helpful in these measures. The same measures should be undertaken in agriculture so as to lessen Canada's dependence upon foreign foodstuffs of the kinds that can be grown and processed in Canada, particularly meats and vegetables.

If such readjustments in industry and agriculture could soon be undertaken Canada would be in a better position to press for tariff reductions elsewhere, notably by the United States whose per capita imports are only about one quarter those of Canada.

Super-Marts: The New Factor in Retailing

by Sheila Kieran

Merchandising creed: There is room for all kinds of responsible competition. The Canadian family has the money, the shopper has the sense and we have the organizations.

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES have become the material of the hottest rivalries in Canadian merchandising—particularly in Toronto where a whopping 12.1% of the nation's buying is being done. The rivalry has sparked a unique merchandising idea: the super-mart appliance store.

The super-mart is the Canadian adaptation of the American discount house — which has flourished in the States and failed dismally in this country.

The discounter sells crated appliances the customer has chosen, usually from a catalogue, and once the appliance has left the store it is the customer's—for better or for worse. In such places the overhead is low—and often the selling methods are, too.

Says an Ontario retailer, with wry respect: "The Canadian shopper—and in our business it's usually a woman—is smart when it comes to buying appliances. In New York or Chicago, the discount merchandise may look like a bargain, but in Toronto or Montreal the shopper seems to regard discount sales as penny wise and pound foolish — which they probably are."

Super-marts, on the other hand, devote large areas to showing their stock — one chain recently took over a movie theatre — and they make a cult of servicing their merchandise. The marts operate on a very large volume and mark-up figures average 16-17%, excepting on TV sets, where greater service pushes the figure up around 20%. They in turn give department store mark-ups as "an educated guess of 26-28%". (Educated guessing on competitors' operations has been perfected to a science by appliance retailers.) Small retailers, with high over-head and low volume, must often mark items as high as 33 1/3%.

The super-mart idea is slowly making its way across Canada as furniture dealers devote more space to appliances and more thought to the concept of big volume and low mark-ups. But Toronto is undoubtedly the super-mart's birthplace, and, at present, its most prosperous home.

Three chains are operating 20 stores in Metropolitan Toronto: Caplan's with eight outlets (plus one in Hamilton), New Era with five and Bestway with seven. (Another large firm, Danforth Radio operates six stores, but steadfastly refuses specific information about its operation. Competitors feel free, however, to continue guessing, and they would place the Danforth operation in the same category as the other three chains.)

The firms, though similar in retail operation, vary greatly in organization, financing of credit, and candor. (Only one, New Era, makes public its volume intake which, this year, is expected to reach $8,000,000.) But in their similarities—and differences—lies the possible key to the way Canadians will be buying their electrical appliances from now on.

When the buyer enters any super-mart she sees row after row of refrigerators, stoves, and small appliances — enough time and labour saving electric devices to warm the heart of any housewife — or Hydro. The chances are that she has "shopped" several other chains and can name model numbers and prices with accuracy and authority. In most cases the salesmen will attempt to meet the lowest price the competition has quoted. One chain—New Era—vigorously opposes this "gypsyism" and, for that reason marks prices on all of its stock and pays its salesmen salaries without commission. (Some competitors still insist, however, that individual New Era salesmen will meet a price rather than lose a sale.)

Women are smart appliance buyers.

What probably brought her into the store in the first place was an advertisement — the lifeblood of the super-mart. On the average, between one and two per cent of every volume dollar goes for radio and newspaper advertising.

The newspaper ads are remarkable for their utilitarian looks. The tendency is to avoid over-statement. There are only "sales prices" and "refrigerator model so-and-so, pictured at left, embodying A, B and C features and costing thus-and-such price".

What has been purchased will be delivered by any one of the three chains, sometimes within hours, and never later than the next business day. Small items, such as toasters, irons and kettles must be paid for in full and cannot be delivered.

Another customer magnet is the "long term loss leader" which seemingly operates on the lines of the old saw "We lose on every sale, but we make it up in volume." A floor polisher sold at $31 represents a loss of several dollars per item. But it can be turned to profit when the customer returns to buy a stove the following month. Firms estimate their repeat business as high as 75%.

If financing is necessary (and well over half the buying is on time-purchase), New Era or Bestway customers will have their purchases financed from the outside. Caplan's however, takes pride in being "completely self-sufficient". Says Samuel Caplan, the president, "Merchandise which leaves our store goes in a Caplan-owned truck on a Caplan-financed installment plan, and with few exceptions, will be Caplan installed and serviced."

"Outside financing", Mr. Caplan proclaims, "makes a store a tail-wagged dog. When, and if, repossessing becomes necessary, the finance company can go ahead, without consulting the store, and make enemies without the retailer being able to do anything about it."

"We charge the same rates as other finance companies," he adds. "Like them we make a profit financing, which sometimes enables us to forego as big a profit in our strictly retail business."

On one point there is unanimity: business is good and getting better.

Charlie Lewis, president of New Era, sums it up thus: "There is room, in the present prosperity, for all kinds of responsible competition. Nothing but good can come from a situation where the Canadian family has the money, the shopper has the sense and we have the organizations to offer electric kettles for less than nine dollars and electric driers for less than $160."

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

AND WHOLLY-OWNED SUBSIDIARIES

Annual Report of Board of Directors For the Year Ended August 31, 1956

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:

On behalf of your Directors I beg to submit the Consolidated Balance Sheet of your Company and its Wholly Owned Subsidiaries at the close of its fiscal year, August 31, 1956. Also submitted is the Consolidated Statement of Profit and Loss and Earned Surplus for the year.

An examination of the books and accounts of the Company has been made by your auditors, Messrs. Ernst & Ernst, and their report is attached.

In accordance with our usual custom, the properties and plants of your Company have been maintained in good condition and the sum of $369,220.77 has been added to Allowance for Depreciation, which now amounts to $6,110,410.37.

For the purpose of greater economy and efficiency in operation we have disposed of our de l'Epée Avenue property in Montreal to a purchaser outside of our industry, and the proceeds of this sale in excess of the depreciated value of the property have been included under the heading Profit on Sale of Fixed Assets on the Consolidated Statement of Profit and Loss.

Attached to the Consolidated Balance Sheet is a note with reference to the reduction in the stated value of the outstanding Common Shares and the concurrent reduction of the Goodwill Account to the nominal value of $1.00. It should be pointed out that these steps dealing with the Goodwill Account have made possible the preparation of a Balance Sheet which more realistically sets forth the values in the Property Account, while at the same time the equity of the Shareholders of the Company has not been impaired.

Sales volume for the year was the greatest in the Company's history and reflects the high level of the Canadian economy. At the same time increases in our regular selling and operating expenses, together with a number of non-recurring costs produced a net profit showing only somewhat larger than that of the previous fiscal year.

Profit before taxes on income amounted to $1,948,384.53 for the year just closed as compared with a profit of $1,872,480.67 for the year before, and after taxes on income stood at $1,149,384.53 this year or $101,903.86 higher than the net profit of the preceding year.

Net Earnings amounted to $33.21 on the Preferred Stock and, after the regular 7% dividend thereon, to $4.03 on the Common Stock. During the year dividends paid to Shareholders amounted to $702,876.00 as compared with $680,404.00 in the preceding year.

Total Current Assets of the Company as shown on the Consolidated Balance Sheet amounted to $16,661,119.35 and Current Liabilities stood at $6,885,480.61, leaving a balance of Net Current Assets amounting to $9,775,-638.74.

After adjustment on the Goodwill Account, referred to above, the Earned Surplus of the Company and its Wholly Owned Subsidiaries at August 31, 1956 amounted to $9,718,019.25.

Our manufacturing, warehousing and distributing facilities have been maintained at peak efficiency and distribution of our products Dominion-wide is increasing year by year. Our Research and Product Development Departments are constantly on the alert for new methods and processing, and progress is being made with beneficial results in our selling efforts.

All Units of the Organization continue to operate with harmony and efficiency and the loyalty and co-operation of our employees everywhere is deeply appreciated.

Respectfully submitted on behalf of the Board,

Montreal, Que.
November 8, 1956

A. W. STEUDEL
Chairman.

CONSOLIDATED BALANCE SHEET — AUGUST 31, 1956

ASSETS

CURRENT ASSETS		
Cash on hand	$ 34,675.00	
Trade accounts receivable, less allowance for doubtful accounts	6,892,481.46	
Other accounts receivable	202,086.54	
Inventories of raw materials and supplies, in process and finished merchandise at the lower of cost or market prices	9,195,068.11	
Insurance, taxes and other expenses prepaid	124,185.63	
Advertising stock, stationery and other supplies	212,622.61	$16,661,119.35
INVESTMENTS AND OTHER ASSETS		
Investment in partly-owned subsidiary companies not consolidated	$ 98,757.37	
Capital stock of affiliated company	200,000.00	
Miscellaneous accounts receivable	96,699.37	395,456.74
PROPERTY, PLANT AND EQUIPMENT		
Land, buildings, machinery and equipment —generally at cost	$9,362,053.14	
Less allowances for depreciation	6,110,410.37	3,251,642.77
INTANGIBLE ASSETS		
Formulae, trade marks and good will (Note A)		1.00
		$20,308,219.86

LIABILITIES, CAPITAL STOCK AND SURPLUS

CURRENT LIABILITIES		
Bank overdrafts (net)	$1,524,571.24	
Trade accounts payable and accrued liabilities	4,864,675.87	
Owing to affiliated company	58,846.48	
Income and other taxes—estimated	437,387.02	$ 6,885,480.61
RESERVE FOR ALLOWANCES TO RETIRED EMPLOYEES		20,000.00
CAPITAL STOCK AND SURPLUS (Note A)		
Capital Stock:		
Seven per cent cumulative preferred, par value $100.00 per share:		
Authorized —40,000 shares		
Outstanding —34,600 shares	$3,460,000.00	
No par value common:		
Authorized —225,000 shares		
Outstanding —224,720 shares	224,720.00	
Earned Surplus	9,718,019.25	13,402,739.25
		$20,308,219.86

Note A: Pursuant to Supplementary Letters Patent dated April 3, 1956, the stated value of the outstanding common shares has been reduced from $4,494,400.00 to $224,720.00. Formulae, trade marks and good will in the amount of $5,536,538.67 have been reduced to $1.00 by application thereto of the reduction of $4,269,680.00 in the stated value of the common stock and a charge of $1,266,857.67 to earned surplus.

SIGNED ON BEHALF OF THE BOARD:
V. M. DRURY, Director
J. A. SIMARD, Director

CONSOLIDATED PROFIT AND LOSS AND EARNED SURPLUS FOR THE YEAR ENDED AUGUST 31, 1956

PROFIT AND LOSS

Profit from operations for the year before provision for depreciation and other items shown below		$ 2,708,045.01
Other Income:		
Dividends received from unconsolidated subsidiaries	$ 14,870.00	
Profit on sales of fixed assets	213,632.93	228,502.93
		$ 2,936,547.94
Other deductions:		
Interest on bank loans	$ 311,628.03	
Allowances paid to retired employees	97,610.40	
Legal fees	15,663.62	
Remuneration of executive officers and directors' fees	194,040.59	
Provision for depreciation	369,220.77	$ 988,163.41
Profit Before Taxes on Income		$ 1,948,384.53
Taxes on income for the year — estimated		799,000.00
Net Profit		$ 1,149,384.53

EARNED SURPLUS

Balance at September 1, 1955		$10,538,368.39
Add net profit for the year		1,149,384.53
		$11,687,752.92
Deduct:		
Dividends paid during the year:		
Preferred — $7.00 per share	$ 242,200.00	
Common — $2.05 per share	460,676.00	
	$ 702,876.00	
Amount written off formulae, trade marks and good will (Note A)	1,266,857.67	1,969,733.67
Balance at August 31, 1956		$ 9,718,019.25

Note A appears on the consolidated balance sheet.

AUDITORS' REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS, THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL, QUEBEC

We have examined the consolidated financial statements of The Sherwin-Williams Company of Canada, Limited, and its wholly-owned subsidiaries for the year ending August 31, 1956, and have obtained all the information and explanations which we have required. Our examination was made in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards, and accordingly included such tests of the accounting records and such other auditing procedures as we considered necessary in the circumstances.

In our opinion, the accompanying balance sheet and statements of profit and loss and surplus are properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the combined affairs of The Sherwin-Williams Company of Canada, Limited and its wholly-owned subsidiaries at August 31, 1956, and the consolidated results of their operations for the year then ended, according to the best of our information and the explanations given us, in conformity with generally accepted accounting principles applied on a basis consistent with that of the preceding year and as shown by the books of the companies.

In accordance with the provisions of The Companies Act, 1934, we report that earnings of subsidiary companies not consolidated are reflected in the accompanying financial statements only to the extent of dividends received.

ERNST & ERNST

MONTREAL, October 19, 1956.

Hazards of the Building Trade

by William Sclater

KEEPING PACE with the nation's tremendous building development, insurance underwriters are steadily broadening the coverages devised to meet the risks involved in construction.

What the builder requires from the underwriters, when he signs a construction contract for a new office building, factory or school, is protection against the hazards of a business which experience has shown can be productive of heavy loss.

To meet his needs, two principal insurance coverages and one surety are required. The first of the insurance coverages is what is known as the Builder's All-Risk form and this is devised to give all possible protection against the risk of physical damage.

It includes a fire policy with the extended-coverages endorsement to protect against explosion, lightning, impact by aircraft or vehicle, riot, smoke, hail and windstorm.

The all-risk plan also covers against burglary, malicious damage, collapse of building, water damage, and flood and theft with a deductible clause.

This ensures protection against the two great perils of fire and windstorm. But another significant hazard is collapse. Only a few weeks ago there were pictures in our newspapers and on our television screens showing the spectacular collapse of a new $5 million building under construction in Detroit.

A building contractor has a tremendous investment of time, men, money, equipment, materials and reputation and it is against the hazards to these he must have insurance protection.

There are hazards which are not covered under the all-risks plan and for which he must obtain separate endorsements to secure protection. One of these is earthquake. Breakage to plate glass is another. Most people are familiar with the windows in new buildings splashed with a paint cross to help workmen realize that the windows have panes in them. This coverage can be added at nominal cost.

Another hazard enters the new building when the boilers are installed and pressure goes on. The boiler inspector should be on the job to approve the installation and clear the way for boiler insurance—this is not covered under the all-risks.

The builder needs protection against such things as "Hold Harmless" agreements which he may have signed with a railroad to allow him the use of a siding adjacent to his new building. The moment elevators are installed and operational there is another risk to be guarded against.

All these are really only one category of risk. The second big category is Liability.

To begin with, there is the responsibility of the builder to the public, both on and in the vicinity of the new construction. Then the builder may be using independent truckers. Some of his own employees may be using their own cars in his service in relation to work on the job, involving him in a master and servant legal liability. The possibility of contractual liability in relation to the assumption of responsibility under city ordinances must always be taken into account. The importance of proper liability coverage cannot be overestimated.

The third feature to be considered is the Contract Bond. This, of course, is the surety that the contractor or builder will do the job he is signed to do and is as vital to the builder as a bank credit or a certified cheque in securing acceptance of his bid.

A contract bond may be written for 100 per cent or less, of the risk involved. The true measure of the risk is the contract price and, generally, it is inadvisable to write one for less than 50 per cent of this, and a much higher ratio is well advised. The province of Ontario insists on 100 per cent bonds with comprehensive guarantees written in for payment for materials and for workmanship.

The possibility of default in any or all particulars is the first point of concern. It follows there should be clear understanding of what constitutes ground for complaint and what notice should be given for remedial action in such case.

Mechanic's Liens or other encumbrances are a possibility for the builder to consider. In any job where the builder farms out a large percentage of the work to subcontractors, he should exercise care to ensure that sub-contractors put up bonds in all cases where it is advisable they should do so. Claims arising through the failure of a sub-contractor to meet material, workmanship or other specifications can be embarrassing to both the builder and the owner.

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Man With 8,000 Bosses

When N. H. Gunn started his career 31 years ago as a bank junior he risked everything to be transferred to the Investment Department. His gamble paid off. This year he was appointed President of the Investment Dealers' Association of Canada.

WHEN N. H. GUNN sits down at his desk in his eight-room home in North Toronto Sunday nights to review the coming week's agenda, he may find that his schedule includes a convention trip to Florida, a company directors' meeting, a national education plan for review, or a Western Canada tour during the coming five days.

William Nigel Clifford Hamilton Gunn is a busy man by his own admission. As a senior partner and vice-president of Bell Gouinlock & Co. Ltd., one of the older investment dealer firms in the country with offices in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, and as the President of the Investment Dealers' Association of Canada, he is responsible to the board of directors of Bell Gouinlock, and to the 210 head office members of the Association employing over 8,000 people in Canada.

N. H. Gunn

"Those are a lot of people to be responsible to," he chuckles. "In a way I feel that I have 8,000 bosses."

Gunn estimates that IDA business takes up a third of his working hours. It includes the ten weeks a year he spends travelling for his company and the Association. The tall Scotsman is used to travel, and he knows Canada as well as any tourist official. During the war years, he handled his firm's business in Western Canada which, he calculates, involved him in at least 40 trips across the nation.

Gunn was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1910. When he was three years old his parents came to Canada, and after a short stay in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, they decided to settle in Victoria. There Gunn received his education at Victoria High School and Brentwood College. After graduating from a Liberal Arts course in 1925, he went to work at the Canadian Bank of Commerce as a junior. "I did everything in that job, including sweeping the floor at times."

As he accumulated experience, he became interested in the Investment Department. There were few openings in Victoria at the time, so he applied for a transfer to Toronto in 1929. His transfer was accepted and after a few months in the investment department, he was promoted to bond trader.

Three years later Gunn decided to risk a change and he joined the Bell Gouinlock Co. as assistant bond trader. His previous experience paid off, and within eight months he took over as head bond trader which led to a further promotion as head of the entire trading department, a position he held for 12 years.

In 1940 he assumed management of the firm's business in Western Canada. Three years later, at the age of 33, he was appointed a director of the company. Eight years later the ex-bank junior became vice-president of the firm.

Gunn was elected President of the Investment Dealers' Association in June, after a term as chairman of the Ontario section for two years.

His duties as President involve him in an advisory capacity in all activities of the Association. These include acting as liaison between members across the country in matters affecting securities, conducting correspondence courses for those entering the business and sponsoring an educational program for the public.

When he is not busy with business, he usually relaxes at home with his wife and two children. Weather permitting, he likes to "play a poor game of golf" or "fiddle around in my garden".

He usually spends a nine hour day at his office before driving home in his 1954 Chevrolet. Although he is sometimes forced to take home his briefcase, he says, "I don't believe in night work unless it is imperative. He does feel however, that "at least one hour on Sunday night belongs to business. I usually sit down at nine o'clock and review the coming week, jotting down important notes".

While he finds that his biggest problem is time, Gunn is happy with his dual business role and tight schedules. "There's a definite pleasure in knowing that you always have something to do".

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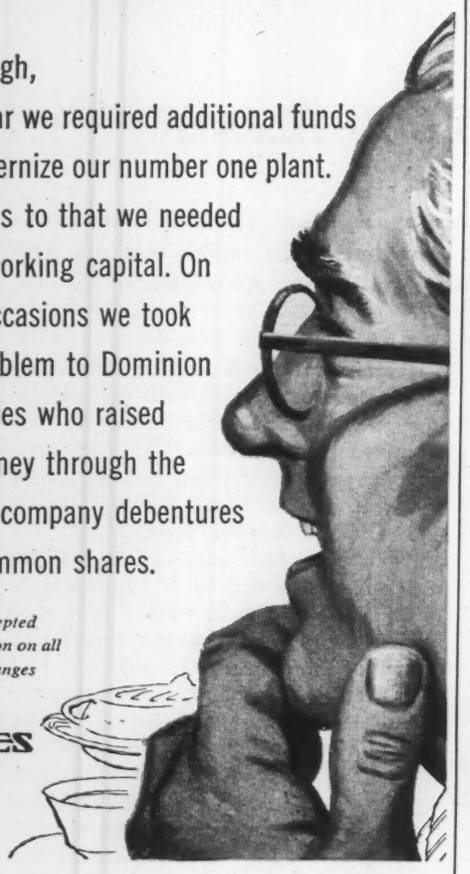

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NORANDA MINES, LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that an interim dividend of Fifty Cents (50c) per share, Canadian funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines, Limited, payable December 15 to Shareholders of record November 20, 1956.

BY Order of the Board,
C. H. WINDELER,
Secretary.

Toronto, Ontario
November 13, 1956

Gold & Dross

International Bronze

What is your opinion of International Bronze Powders? We hold stock purchased at $11.—H.R.R., Montreal.

You had a good opportunity to realize a neat profit on your holdings. An unidentified buyer offered to pay $15 a share for International Bronze common. However, this offer has since expired and the shares are quoted between $12 and $14.

But the $15 offering price would appear to indicate roughly what the shares are worth—probably being under the mark.

International Bronze is a holding company with several subsidiaries making aluminum and bronze powders and aluminum paste. It has a small common stock capitalization and the stock is believed closely held. It is an infrequent trader and there is not too much interest in the company.

The company is expanding and undoubtedly stands to gain from general growth of world industry. But unless there are some major developments that would broaden public interest, it is difficult to see any major change in the price of the shares.

Stock Splits

In the event of a stock split in Aluminum Ltd., and International Nickel, which I hold, would you advise selling the rights or should I sell Algoma Steel, in which I have a good profit, to finance purchase of shares.—F. W., Winnipeg.

You are confusing two different things.

A stock split is exactly what the title implies. Where there is one share, two or more are created. It's like cutting a pie into several pieces. You still have the pie but if you want to, you can give somebody else a slice.

Stock splits do not involve your paying out money and the company splitting the stock doesn't gain any money.

Purpose of a split usually is to get a high-priced stock into a lower bracket and to widen ownership of the shares.

You might be thinking of "rights" financing. An offering of rights to buy additional shares could involve your money or could bring you money. A company often will give its shareholders the privilege or right to purchase additional stock at a price well below current market value. This is usually done on the basis of one additional share for a certain number held. Bell Telephone is a regular rights issuer, raising money for expansion about every other year in this way. That is the basic purpose of the company—obtaining necessary capital. But it is giving first crack to shareholders to supply

this capital by increasing their stake in the company.

However, a shareholder need not take up his rights. He can usually sell them to other investors who might wish to obtain shares through the offering.

There has been talk of both splits and rights financing by Aluminum and Inco. However, this is only usual street talk. There is nothing official to go on. Certainly both appear high-priced at around $100 a share and might warrant a split. Also, the expansion plans of these two metal companies would appear to indicate future need for additional capital, which could possibly be raised through rights.

Everything in investments is relative. Should any of this rights speculation become fact, you would have to consider your action at that time. And the outlook and market price for Algoma Steel could be completely different. Right now investors appear to be waiting for an anticipated capital re-organization of Algoma Steel.

Chatco Steel

Would you discuss the growth prospects of Chatco Steel? I understand it is being taken over by American interests.—C.W.W., Hamilton.

You have picked one of the hottest topics on Bay Street. Chatco Steel shares have amazed traders with their gyrations. Trading was suspended by the Toronto Stock Exchange early in November with the exchange reporting that it had found high-pressure selling of Chatco shares emanating from New York.

Chatco shares in May were trading at $3.30. The company increased its authorized capitalization and sold 100,000 shares at $4.50 a share. Immediately the stock started to bounce higher, rapidly getting to better than $16 when it was suspended from the Toronto market.

On the over-the-counter market, the shares kept climbing, getting to around $20 before plummeting sharply to about $10-$11 at the time this is being written. What price they will have when you read this, is anybody's guess.

A writ has been filed by a Toronto lawyer in a civil suit and the whole matter of trading in Chatco Steel is confused.

The underwriting of 100,000 shares would result in a change in control. Officially the underwriter was of Montreal, but street reports indicate that U.S. interests supplied the money for the underwriting and probably have control.

The confused trading, basically, should not affect operations of the company. Chatco has been changing its pattern of operations to increase business of its own lines and to get away from contract work. This is a difficult process—establishing markets for its products. In the year ended March 31, the company had a net loss of

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HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

CONDENSED STATEMENT AS AT OCTOBER 31, 1956

ASSETS

Cash Resources (including items in transit)	$ 392,485,511
Government and Other Securities, not exceeding market value	653,636,675
Call Loans	155,093,865
Total Quick Assets	$1,201,216,051
Loans and Discounts	1,069,285,025
Mortgages and Hypothecs insured under the N.H.A., 1954	89,444,382
Customers' Liability under Acceptances, Guarantees and Letters of Credit, as per contra	31,531,892
Bank Premises	24,697,925
Other Assets	18,739,029
Total Assets	$2,434,914,304

LIABILITIES

Deposits		$2,279,097,420
Acceptances, Guarantees and Letters of Credit		31,531,892
Other Liabilities		11,494,355
Shareholders' Equity		
Capital Paid Up	$37,500,000	
Rest Account	75,000,000	
Undivided Profits	290,637	112,790,637
Total Liabilities		$2,434,914,304

STATEMENT OF UNDIVIDED PROFITS

Year Ended October 31, 1956

Balance of profit for the year before provision for income taxes but after making transfers to inner reserves out of which full provision has been made for diminution in value of investments and loans	$15,123,807
Provision for income taxes	7,232,266
Balance available for distribution	$ 7,891,541
Dividends	5,999,996
Amount carried forward	$ 1,891,545
Balance of undivided profits October 31, 1955	1,399,092
	$ 3,290,637
Transferred to Rest Account	3,000,000
Balance of undivided profits October 31, 1956	$ 290,637

JAMES STEWART
PRESIDENT

N. J. McKINNON
GENERAL MANAGER

almost $40,000, but earnings were reported to have improved substantially in the first quarter of the current year.

Meanwhile, careful investors should stay away from Chatco shares. They appear over-priced at present levels in relation to the size of the company. It would be wise to wait until present confusion settles down and the shares are possibly re-admitted to list trading.

Stock Options

Do you see justice in a company allowing its executive officers the right to purchase shares at a price far below market value, when this same privilege is not extended to other shareholders?—D.C., Sidney, B.C.

You raise a touchy subject. There has been a growing pattern of such options to executive officers. Usually the options are not far out of line with market price at the time they are granted. The reason for such options is tied to income tax laws.

The heavy tax load carried by an executive is felt to limit profit incentive. Options are intended as an inducement to officers to work extra hard for a company and also to recognize hard work. They give an executive a direct stake in a company. Certainly they give him an opportunity to acquire such a stake at some future date, assuming that he does not have money to buy shares now.

Options to executives are an expected pattern in Canada and the U.S. In England, a rather dim view is taken. How to decide such matters is a difficult matter for business. In some cases, unless an option is given, it would be impossible to hold a key officer. The same thinking governs options to executives as affects executive pension plans, bonus and profit-sharing schemes.

In Brief

I hold Western Potash which I understand has been changed to Continental Potash. What is the stock selling for?—N.A.C., Stirling.

Continental Potash is around $1. For every five shares you held in Western Potash, you now have one share of Continental.

Can you give me any information regarding common and preferred shares of National Accounting Systems purchased in 1928?—F.S., Calgary.

Sorry, no record. Is this a U.S. company?

Is there any value in Lorrain Consolidated Mines and Northern Metals?—F.T., Toronto.

Nothing left in Lorrain but Northern Metals still around at about two to 10 cents a share. Ask your broker for the market.

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

"SAY, DAD! What's a 'palindrome'?" asked Pete. It's always a family quiz when the boy does a crossword.

His father looked up from his book. "Something like the licence number of my automobile," he replied. "That's if you notice anything funny about it."

Pete was silent a moment, and then an idea seemed to strike him. "I guess it's the square of the number of Ken's home," he said, "but where's your 'palindrome' in that?"

"You've got something there, but not what I mean." His father laughed. "It's the way the figures go, so it's the same whichever way you read it." Seeing the puzzled look on the boy's face he tried to make it clearer. "Forwards or backwards it's the same six figure number either way."

It may not be quite what you'd see in a dictionary, but this was really a very good example. And now you may like to figure out that licence number. (37)

Answer on Page 46.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

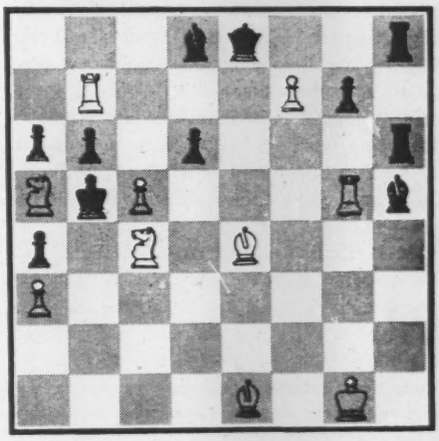
AN INGENIOUS IDEA to elaborate the Munich theme—our No. 150—is to present it in combination with its antiform, the essential avoidance of white self-weakening. In No. 155 below White has three ways of operating a checking continuation by moves of his P at QB5, two by captures. In each case the Pawn occupies one of three squares, QKt6, QB6 and Q6, preventing a possible mate on those squares, the Munich self-weakening. The antiform avoidance separates them into three continuations, one the threat line.

Solution of Problem No. 154.

Key-move 1.B-Kt7, threatening 2.Q-Kt7 mate. If QxQ or R-Kt7; 2.Kt-B3 mate. If Q-Kt7; 2.Q-R1 mate. If Kt-Q5 or QKt-K2; 2.Kt-K3 mate. If Kt-K4; 2.Kt-B6 mate. If KKt-K2; 2.Kt-B4 mate. If P-K4; 2.BxP mate.

Problem No. 155, by C. E. Visserman.

White mates in three.



Barking Up Wrong Tree?

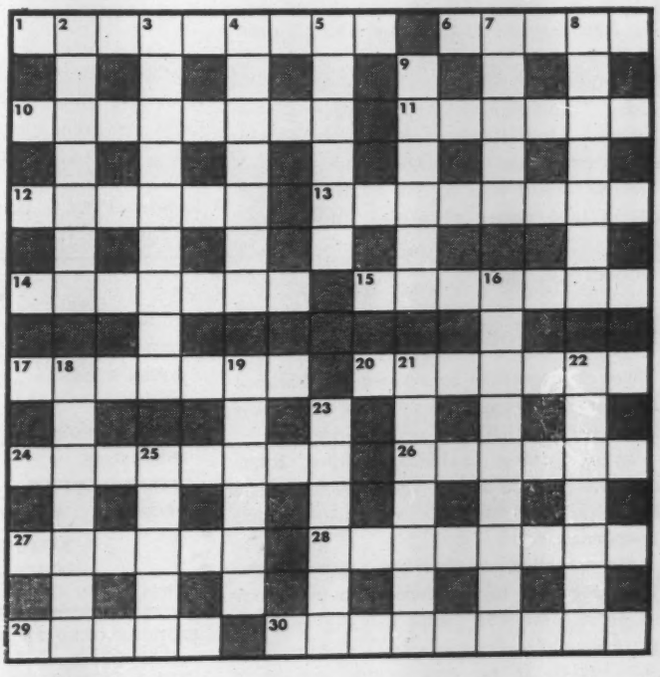
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 For the holy man the saints are inside, it seems. (2, 7)
6 Brain child? (5)
10 Where love is always found sitting pretty. (2, 6)
11 It's little credit to the Dean to be afraid. (6)
12, 13. There's space in lockers for these dogs. (6, 8)
14 Support one's wife? (7)
15 They are trained, as it were, to carry fuel. (7)
17 This anthem adds nothing to the country. (1, 6)
20 They turn on the juice when you roll out the barrel. (7)
24 Sticks up, perhaps, for one's plans. (8)
26 A change from north to south briefly may stick you. (6)
27 Mother has one of her own kind in attendance in sickness. (6)
28 Say, Louis has changed his name. (8)
29 The quarters of a miser? (5)
30 One way to raise foolish creatures. (9)

DOWN

2 A number of Spanish gentlemen certainly have these in their makeup.
3 The source of water, it appears, is not a secret. (4, 5)
4 And yet tots are not allowed in them! (7)
5 Not out to speed. (6)
7 I need bail, perhaps, while trying to prove it. (5)
8 Uniform for the army? (7)
9 A bad fiddler's predicament. (6)
16 One of these was a temporary residence for Wendy's father. (9)
18 The end of a dog? (7)
19 Baits for cod? Yes! (6)
21 Domesticated rooster? (7)
22 Shave and a haircut? Sure, but not up on top. (7)
23 Spain, to a philatelist. (6)
25 The pants are hers. (5)



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1 2, 7, 2, 8. Putting two and two together
5 Retract
9 Brothel
10 Bulldog
11 Insurgent
13 Eight
15 Restrains
17 True
20 Iago
21 Dervishes
24 Hosea
25 Collector
26 Inertia
28 Imitate
30 Enlarge
31 Sold out

DOWN

1 Public
2 See 1A
3 Inherits
4 Golden age
5 Robot
6 Tolled
7, 8. See 1A
12 Sleighs
14 Garment
16 Novelties
18 Fishwife
19 Especial
22 Cantor
23 Priest
25 Crave
27 Eel
29 Ado (404)

Letters

United Nation

The article . . . "Divided Nation Without a Policy" brings a number of ideas worth thinking about while trying to understand this Canada of ours.

Last August a highly educated Hungarian couple visited my Muskoka retreat. Expecting to be arrested and shot any day by the Bolsheviks in Hungary a few years ago, they escaped to Canada. They said "Canada is wonderful, just wonderful—you can not know how wonderful it is. You are living in Heaven, in Paradise and you can not realise it. You must not lose your great heritage."

It is clear to thinking Canadians that we must be a *united* people with unity of purpose if we are to be strong enough to stay the way we are, and wish to remain a free people. This could and should be shown graphically, when we are ready for one, by means of a Union Flag for Canada.

TORONTO J. H. W. BRADFIELD

School Curriculum

W. J. Hall is to be commended for his article on the high school curriculum. He has, I am sure, voiced the opinion of thousands. Especially do I agree with the suggestion of replacing social studies with "old-fashioned" geography and history. That French should be taught at an early age is another good suggestion. I should like to see Canadian education take notice of a well thought-out plan.

WOODSTOCK, ONT. M. L. RICHARDS

Defence for Richard

Through eagerness to restore the balance of history, Bergen Evans has been less than just to Richard Coeur-de-lion.

In everything, including stature, Richard was a little larger than life size, and his virtues and his faults were in the same proportion.

He rebelled against his father, who was scheming to disinherit him in favour of John, and who kept his own wife in prison while living openly with Fair Rosamund. If he was a bad son to a bad father, Richard was a good son to his mother. He was unfaithful to his wife in an age when marital fidelity by men in high places was virtually unknown.

"Richard Yea-and-Nay" is largely a creature of fiction. The charge that he sought only his own glory in the Crusade is demonstrably false. Neither the cost of the Crusade nor his ransom beggared England, although the burdens were heavy enough; the same burdens fell equally, by the way, on his continental possessions . . .

It is a mistake to blame Richard because he was not an Englishman. Although King of England, he was French, and his French possessions were richer than and almost as extensive as England. They also gave him much more trouble, because the French King tried constantly, both during and after the Crusade, to take them from him . . .

PORT HOPE, ONT. STUART RYAN

Duke and Eton

Re your quiz question, "Did the Duke of Wellington really say that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton?" The attached is a copy of correspondence with the present Duke of Wellington on this subject for your information.

Toronto, 4th. Dec. 1951.

His Grace, The Duke of Wellington,
Apsley House, 194 Piccadilly, London.

Your Grace:

With reference to the recent discussion regarding a statement said to have been made by your illustrious ancestor, I take the liberty of quoting to you an anecdote from *Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers* edited by the late Rev. Alexander Dyce, New Southgate, published by H. A. Rogers, 2 Boungs Green Road, 1887. . . .

The Duke said: "I have found that raw troops, however inferior to the old ones in manoeuvering, are far superior to them in downright fighting with the enemy. At Waterloo the young ensigns and lieutenants who had never before seen a battle rushed to meet death as if they had been playing at cricket."

While the "Playing fields of Eton" are not mentioned it is probably true that the ensigns and lieutenants were recruited from Eton and the other public schools of Britain and played the national game. . . .

Yours very truly,
Talbot P. Grubbe.

The Duke replied as follows:

Dec. 10th. 1951.

Stratfield Saye House,
Reading.

Dear Sir:

I thank you for your letter about a quotation from Samuel Rogers' *Table Talk*. As a matter of fact, I did know it already. I think the Duke meant that young officers went into battle gaily and lightheartedly. These adverbs are not particularly applicable to modern cricket.

Yours very truly,
Wellington.

I leave you to draw your own conclusions.

TORONTO TALBOT P. GRUBBE

St. Anne de Beaupré

. . . The French words, "beau pré", as two words, do mean "beautiful meadow" but when these words are joined together as one word, "beaupré", the meaning is entirely different. *Ste. Anne de Beaupré* means "Ste. Anne of the Bowsprit". The story of the Breton sailors, shipwrecked near the Isle of Orleans, who landed safely near the site of the present shrine and credited their rescue to the intervention of the good Ste. Anne, patron saint of Quebec, as told by Mr. Garner in his article, appears to explain the origin and reason for the location of the present shrine, and hence its name: Ste. Anne of the Bowsprit.

TORONTO F. KEITH DALTON

Political Color

I note that you accuse Donald M. Fleming, M.P., of lack of color. Wasn't this the identical charge levelled against another Canadian, W. L. M. King, when he was seeking the leadership of a political party? So at any rate says the record.

TORONTO S. J. CHARLES

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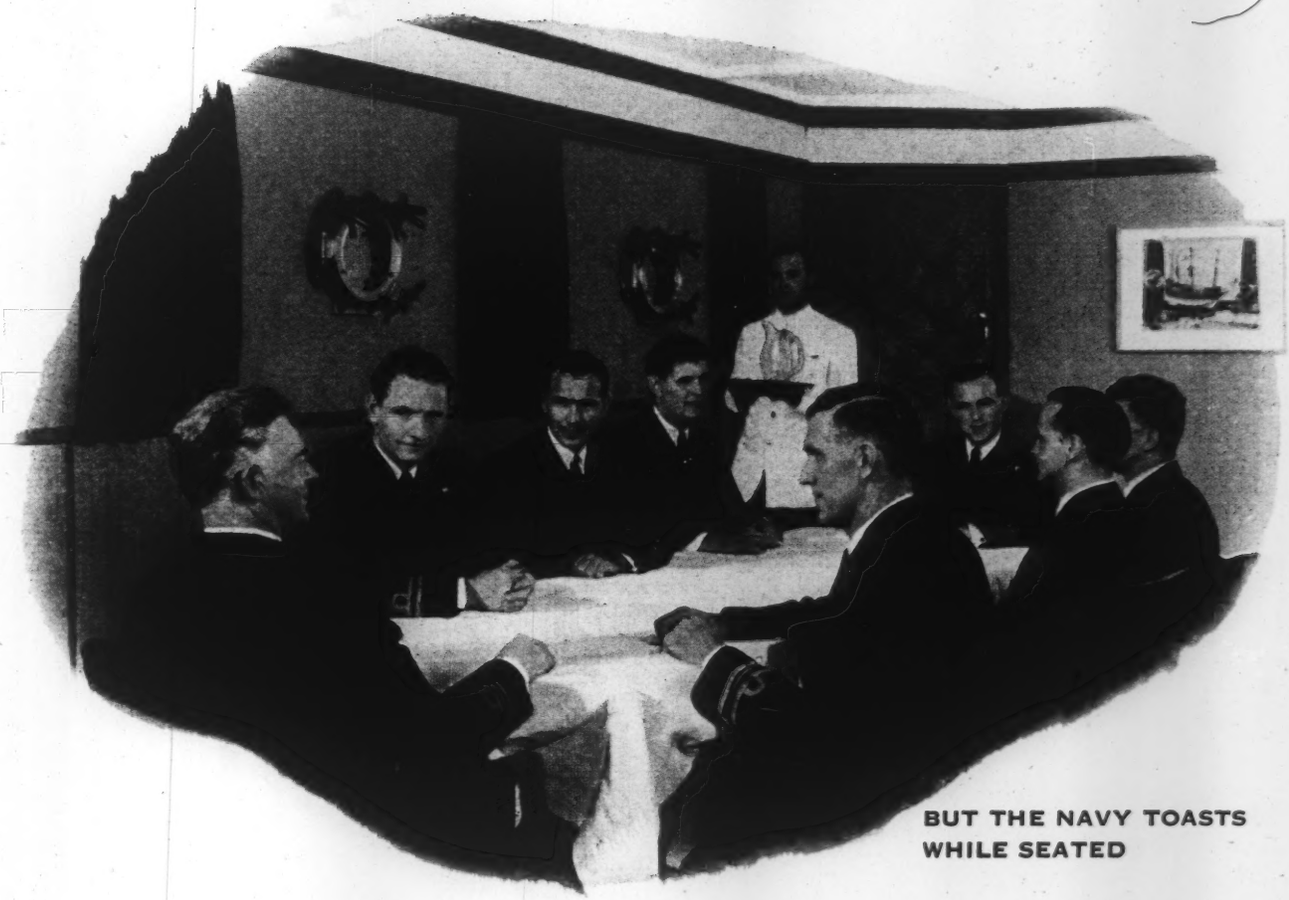
Time for an

IMPERIAL *Toast*



BUT THE NAVY TOASTS WHILE SEATED

The legend is that the Sailor King—William IV—arose to reply to a toast by his naval officers and bumped his head on the low ceiling-beams of the rolling ship.

Ever since that occasion, the custom of the Navy is to remain seated while toasting the reigning Monarch.

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GOLDEN ALE
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